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Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

The Hunter-Author, and Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-Tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER I.

A "CONDEMNED DIFFIKILTY."

"Here I am in a condemned diffikilty agin, muttered Nick Whiffles, as he seated himself or a broad, flat rock, on the bank of the Elk river, far up in Oregon, close to the bush of the Elk river, far up in Oregon, close to the boundary line between that then wild territory and British America.

The eccentric old trapper had spent many years in roaming through the vast solitudes of naccount of some condemned difficulty years in roaming through the vast solitudes of the Morth-west, sometimes in the employ of the North-west, sometimes in the employ of the North-west for Company, and sometimes in the employ of the North-west for Company, and added the time the old gentleman took his at the point of the Hudsy come to read his will, we for the Elk river, far up in Oregon, close to the bank of the Elk river, far up in Oregon, close to the bequest at all, but they have they had of getting into diffikilty. The first thing I remember was in getting spaniked on account of some condemned difficility by and in the way of efficiency of the North-west, sometimes in the service of the North-west, sometimes in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sometimes in the employ of the North-west for Company, and added the many of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sometimes in the employ of the North-west for Company, and added to eat my some time down agin to difficility. The first thing I remember was in getting shader on account of some condenned difficility by and in the way of efflicity since them days, but, the way of efflicity and in the way of efflicity in the way of efflicit in the way of effl

comparatively recent day, knew scarcely anything of the advantages of civilization.

As was the inevitable custom of Nick, when
in a quandary, he relieved himself by selfcommunity.

At the feet of Nick Wiffles flowed the Elk
dog on me, and the very first dash he made,
he ripped out the whole seat of my pants and
last sleep, and they come to read his will, we

toward the Saskatchewan, when he turned out of his path, somewhat, to call at Fort Wilbur to see some of his old friends, when he learned that the brigade of the Oregon Department of the Hudson Bay Company was expected in within a week; it had divided up into several companies, and two of the canoes were on their way down the Elk river, for the purpose of bartering for a very valuable lot of furs and peltries that were known to be in the possession of a party of Blackfeet, whose village was on the northern bank of this stream. The traders expected to obtain Nick Whiffles to act as a sort of "go-between" in the business, as he stood on good terms with these treacherous people, "'V

made known to him, he felt under a sort of obligation to accept, and he turned the head was so far away that there was no use in my of his horse, Shagbark, toward the south, and, trying to overtake you, and I thought perhaps accompanied by his sagacious dog, Calamity, made the best possible time for Elk river

The particular "difficity" to which he referred was this: His cabin was about twenty miles away from where we now find him, and there he had left a young protege of his—a bright-eyed boy known as Ned Hazel, a sort of waif of the woods, that had come into his hands it a singular wayner of the capital state of the woods, that had come into his hands it a singular wayner of the capital state of the woods, that had come into his hands it as singular wayner of the woods. hands, in a singular manner, a number of years before, when he was little more than a mere child. It had been left at the "cottage," with the understanding that his adopted "father" was not expected to return understanding that his adopted "father" was not expected to return understanding that his adopted "father" was not expected to return understanding then, younker?"

"Yes; it is the brigade," replied Ned, also intently listening. "Yes; it's the brigade," he quickly added; "just hear them!"

Through the quiet air, mellowed and softender three weeks, and now he was back again ed by the intervening distance, came the at the end of that number of days. He was anxious to take the little fellow on this short regular sweep of their paddles. There was a excursion, and had stopped at his house in the hope of finding him, but he was off on a hunt of his own, and Nick, not daring to wait, had hurried off for Elk river, where we now find | the boy.

But where was the brigade? Above him or

He had sent Calamity a half-mile up the river to watch and to report to him the first apuncomfortable sensation of knowing that, as likely as not, the party for whom he was waiting might be drawing further away from him

"There's a company of them Nor'-westers somewhere in this neighborhood, and if they happen to run ag'in' the brigade, there'll be the mnedest diffikilty ever heard tell on.

Hello! what's up, Shagbark?"

His horse had suddenly ceased eating, and, raising his head, with the grass unchewed in his mouth, gave a whinny, clearly indicating that some one or something was approaching.

"What is it?" asked Nick, instantly becoming all vigilance himself.

The horse held his head motionless for a moment, and then resumed his cropping the grass as unconsciously as before.

Nick Whiffles smiled. "That means it's Calamity coming. You critters understand each other about as well as I understand you both."

The words were yet in his mouth, when the huge dog that had been the companion of Whiffles in so many exciting incidents of his life burst through the undergrowth and signified his pleasure by whining, wagging, and licking the hand of his master. The latter patted his head with no less delight.

"What is it, Calamity, for I know by your ways that there's something coming down the river? Is it the brigade or some other sort of

How, or by what means, Nick got at the meaning of the dog, it would be impossible for us, an "outsider," to say, but it required only a few moments for him to learn that it was not the brigade, but a single canoe descending

That much being sartin," said Nick, "the handles the paddle: like enough some murderous Blackfoot; but," he added, with some hesitation, as he narrowly scrutinized the actions of his dog, "the canoe, while the boy leaped, as nimbly as a until we love each other just as much as animile don't act in that way. He to have a better opinion of the chap than ed, with more deliberation and dignity. As

As it was impossible to gather the full meaning of Calamity, Nick could only cast his eye But no other salutation passed between them, that trip down the river at such an early age? up the river and wait for the mystery to solve they attending strictly to business, leaving

He was not left long in waiting. Around part of host. using the long ashen paddle with no slight glancing at the shore as they glided by.

The eyes of Nick Whiffles sparkled as he recognized the lad, and he rose and waved his Bless the soul of little Ned; his own fa-

ther couldn't love him any more than I do."
The water splashed and flashed in the sunlight, as the lad sent his little boat skimming over the surface of the river. A few mo ments only were needed for the prow of the canoe to strike the gravel at the feet of the hunter, who advanced to the water's edge to

greet his pet. Give me your hand, lad, and tell me whether you have seen anything of the bri-

Nothing, uncle Nick.' "I was afraid you hadn't; then I'm afeard

we're in a condemned diffikilty."

CHAPTER II.

THE HUDSON BAY MEN. An observer would not have failed to be struck with the contrast of appearance between Nick Whiffles and the boy with whom

he was now conversing. The hunter was bronzed, scarred and toughened by the torrid heat of summer and the Arctic coldness of the tempests that during the winter months sweep over the plains and mountains of the North-west. His face was shaggy with its untrimmed grizzled beard, and his hair, that escaped from beneath his coon skin cap, was silvered by the same hand that spares none of us. There was immense strength in those long, muscular limbs, and although Nick generally moved with a slow, shuffling gait, he was capable of astonishing quickness and celerity of movement when ne

Ned Hazel, as he was called, was about fifteen years of age, rather slight for that number of years, with eyes as bright, and cheeks as delicately ruddy, as if he had been born and reared in the palace of some noble in sunny

His movements were all grace, and underneath the delicacy of feature and color was the grand basis of rugged health that had already triumphed over obstacles under which foxes. many a man would have succumbed. There was no doubting that the deep affection of counter them.

to British America, and was making his way Nick Whiffles was fully reciprocated by Ned, whose lustrous eyes glowed with a brighter light when he looked the grizzled old hunter in the face.

The boy began frolicking with the dog, while Nick turned his eyes up-stream, with an anxious expression of countenance that showed that his mental "diffikilty" was far from be ing purely imaginary. Suddenly he turned to

"Were ye looking for me, lad?" "That was what brought me here."
"And what reason had you to think me here, when you see'd me start for Fort Wil-

"Why, uncle Nick," replied Ned, pausing on good terms with these treatments people, and his universally known and respected probity could not fail to make him a valuable been gone a half-day when I happened to man to both parties in the business. Nick had acted in this capacity before, so that when the wishes of the trappers were knew you expected to do the same this spring; so I was sure you had forgot it. But you was so far away that there was no use in my you would think of it and come back your self. Sure enough, when I came back, I found signs in the cabin that told me you had

profundity of tone, and an impressive melody in the blending of the score and more of voices that struck the ears of both Nick and

"I've heard that same thing many a time before," muttered the hunter, more to himself below him? That was the question for him to decide, and having no data by which to make his calculation, he set it down as a "condemn-" was on the Saskatchewan, I was asleep one night, in my canoe, when I awoke and heard the brigade about a mile up the river, where ver to watch and to report to him the first appearance of the brigade, while he enjoyed the awhile till they started off on the identical hymn that I used to hear sung when I was a boy. Wal, 'fore I knowed it, the tears was running down my cheeks, and I was back in the little village church at home, with my old gray-haired mother and father, the choir singing that same hymn. Wal, wal, what's

> He drew his hand across his eyes, as though ome mist obscured his vision, and, with a great sigh, turned his back upon the past and ooked up the river-into the future.

> Two large boats, or canoes, a moment later glided to view, the melody swelling out with a full volume, as it was free from all intervenng obstruction, and floated over the smooth face of the river.

Each cance was capable of holding twentyfive or thirty men, but at present there were little over twenty in the entire party. They were after furs and peltries, and took with

them a good working crew and no more.

A few moments after they appeared, Nick
Whiffles stepped to the edge of the stream and
motioned with his hand for them to approach. He was recognized at once, and both canoes instantly headed toward shore. The inmates showed no intention of landing, but the foremost rounded to for him and Ned to step aboard.

"We yield you the place of honor," said a round-faced, Scotch-looking gentleman, whom Nick recognized as William Mackintosh, a leading man in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. "There is room for your boy and your dog. I don't suppose you want to take your horse along?"

'No; I will leave Shagbark here."

dog, in with you, and lad, do you foller." fawn, after him. Then the old hunter followa number, and nodded good-naturedly to them. osity from the youth. their director, Mr. Mackintosh, to play the

the curve in the river, just above him, a small canoe suddenly shot to view, in which was seated a small boy, dressed as a hunter, and sat playing with the dog, and occasionally The latter chatted pleasantly with Nick but

> Nick," said Mr. Mackintosh, after a while "I had heard that you had a boy, but I never saw him before. He doesn't resemble you a

'And why should he?" "I believe you can always detect a likeness between father and son, and I've been studying for the last ten minutes to see where it is between you and him, but it isn't there at all. "I never was married, and consequently never had a son. He is no more a relation of

mine than you are. " Ned Hazel"

"I know, but where did he come from, and how is it that he is in this part of the world?" Nick seemed on the point of replying to this

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Mackintosh, we won't talk about that thing. You under

The Scotchman did understand, and showed his good breeding by skillfully turning the conversation upon business matters. "We sha'n't make the Indian village to

light, I'm afraid, Nick?" The hunter turned his head, and scrutinized the shore, a moment, so as to make sure of his

"No; but there is going to be a full moon and you can go a good distance; you orter try

and hit it near daylight." "Can we do it by rowing an hour or two this evening?" Yes; powerful easy.'

"Then it shall be done; we can make a good dozen miles before night." "Yes, as we've got the current with us."

"You haven't seen any of the Nor'-westers, "Not lately; but there's a party of 'em omewhar in the country. I've run ag'in signs of 'em, and then I've heard of 'em through

some of the red-skins."
"I hope they won't get down to the Blackfoot village ahead of us, for we count on making a good haul there." "I don't think there's any likelihood of that,

but some of them chaps ar' as cunning as "I hope, too, that our party will not enwith a seriousness which showed that he was cheery humor.
earnest in the wish which he had expressed. "Me and Calamity have made a sarcuit,"

CHAPTER III. THE PHANTOM PRINCESS.

Just as the shades of night began settling over Elk river and the adjoining wilderness, the brigade (as it was improperly termed) turned the heads of their cances toward shore, and landed at a point where there was a sort of natural clearing in front of a dense wood.

Here the fine discipline of the party was throwen adde manifest. A certain number at once count." nade manifest. busied themselves in gathering wood for fuel, others brought forth the provisions, which they always carried with them, while every one seemed to have some particular duty to perform, and to understand what it was without any direction from the leader of the party.

The Hudson Bay Company, although tradng, through its agents, with friendly Indians, still had occasional difficulty with some of the tribes within their territory. When they penetrated into the Oregon department, they generally went prepared for any emergency, and the caution that distinguished all their movements showed that they were not without apprehensions regarding their safety.

Two of their members, therefore, took upon themselves to act the part of scouts, while Nick Whiffles, for the satisfaction of himself and Mackintosh, started out to reconnoiter the country that immediately surrounded them. He went entirely alone—that is, with no companions except his inseparable friend Cal-

Mackintosh waited until certain that the trapper was fairly out of the camp, and then, while his men were busy at their respective duties, he turned to the lad and invited him to seat himself upon the blanket at his side. The boy obeyed cheerfully, but showed in his manner that he had some curiosity to know what it all meant.

The Scotchman had made up his mind to do a thing about which he had some compunctions of conscience, that is, he intended to question the boy without the knowledge of Nick Whif-

At the same time, he wished to do nothing in itself wrong. Doubtful whether the lad knew the precise nature of the relationship existing between him and the eccentric trap-

per, he determined carefully to avoid enlight ening him in that respect. Speaking in the most matter-of-fact manner,

he said: 'Your name is Ned, I believe?"

"Yes; Ned Hazel."
"Not Ned Whiffles, eh?"

"Oh, no; Nick is not my father; only my That point settled, the interlocutor felt the

How do you like this sort of life?"

The manner in which this reply was made croved that the lad, to say the least, was not erfectly satisfied.

"This out-door rugged life is certainly very nealthy. I presume you do not know of such a thing as sickness by experience?"

"You talk like a boy of some education. Do you know how to read?" 'Oh! yes; Nick can read a little, and he

prought me some books from the forts that I have studied; but then, I don't know much,' naively added Ned, with a laugh. "You are about fifteen years of age, I should judge. "That's it, exactly."

"A boy who has spent all his life in the woods isn't apt to acquire as much as you have This was a feeler thrown out with an object.

and it accomplished its purpose.
"But I haven't always lived in the woods." "Ah! how is that?"
"Didn't Nick tell you that he found me in a

though he were really my father."

Why, you have quite a romantic history. he glanced over the crews, he identified quite said Mackintosh, skillfully concealing his curi-"Sometimes I think I can, but I ain't sure. I was very young then, and dressed in baby

> "What became of those clothes?" "All lost, I suppose, long ago, as I've never

They ought to have been kept, as they might have afforded some clue to your identi-

'Neither Nick nor I care about learning anything more about me. Do you have any recollection of anything that happened before Nick found you?

know that persons can sometimes remember things far back in their childhood." The boy was silent a moment before answer-

Sometimes I remember a little—only a little. "Let me ask you to describe your remem-

brances?

"It's hard to do; they come to me in dreams sometimes. Then, when I hear men singing away off, it reminds me of something I have question in full, when he suddenly checked heard very much like it, away back, when I vas very small; and then, sometimes, when I am stretched out on my back in the woods looking up through the trees at the clouds, I can remember that I once have seen tall

> "That shows you have once been in a city," interrupted the Scotchman. "There be some pictures of such places in my books, and I know I've seen them some-

houses, standing close together, and a great

"Can you remember any figures or faces?" "I can remember a woman's face that used

How did it look? 'Oh! so beautiful! like an angel's." "You can't describe it?"

'No one could-sometimes I think it must have been the Phantom Princess. "The Phantom Princess!" repeated Mackintosh, in amazement. "What do you mean by

Who is she?" "Haven't you heard of her? But here omes Nick; he'll tell you all about her, for he The Scotchman started, and hastily said, in

an undertone: Oblige me by saying nothing to Nick about the questions I have asked you, and leave me to find out for myself all about the

ignify that the request should be respected. color, and se Nick Whiffles seemed entirely unsuspicious of the river.

As Mackintosh added these words, it was of the interview, and came up in his usual

said he, "and we can't find any sign of a red-skin near. I'm glad your feed is ready, for I'm as hungry as my grandfather was in England, when he chawed up the Prince of Whales, and chased his father into his palace. The Whiffles family was always noted for their eatin' perclivities; my grandmother used to amuse herself by settin' on the scales and eatin' b'iled chickens till their heads that was chopped off would outbalance her, and then she throwed away the bones, so that they didn't

You are no great eater yourself, Nick." "Oh! mighty! not" sighed the trapper; "I was such a small eater that I was considered a disgrace to the family, and was turned out on that account. My grandfather fit in the Revolutionary War, and when he retired on a pension, he got five hundred a year, which he laid out one month in Bologna sausages and salt mackerel, and then bein' as he hadn't any more to live on, he pined away and died, afore he could get his pension increased.'

The supper being ready, the trappers gathered in several groups, and sitting down tailor-fashion, fell to with the vim and vigor of men who were in the enjoyment of perfect health

Nick Whiffles, Ned and Mackintosh ate in a group by themselves, while all were so occupied with their employment that scarcely a word was exchanged except in the way of re-

It was a singular scene. The somber forests in the background, the broad, smoothly-flow-ing river throwing back the yellow light of the immense, roaring camp-fire, the two large canoes resting against the bank, and the fig-

ures of the men engaged in eating. The warm light of the blazing lagous scarcely needed, as the full moon was now sailing above in an unclouded sky, and the sailing above in an unclouded sky, and the white cance and its ghostly occupant.

"Do you think we can catch her?" he asked, The warm light of the blazing fagots was

A full half-hour was occupied in the supper, at the termination of which the pipes were With scarcely an exception, the mouths of the trappers began issuing such volumes of smoke as to make it seem that the entire party were wrapped in a misty cloud.

Mackintosh produced a case of cigars, invit-ing Nick to join him, but the hunter declined. 'It ain't often I smoke, but when I do, I don't care about chawing terbacker at the same

"And I never smoked or chewed at all," added Ned, whereupon the Scotchman replaced his case, with a word of commendation for the

With the taking of their pipes by the trap pers, their tongues seemed to be unloosened, and a perfect Babel of talk and chatter raged and a perfect Babel of talk and chatter raged for a time. There was a fine flow of animal spirits upon the part of all, and many a jest and joke enlivened the intercourse around the am sure of it— What!"

These were hardy men, toughened by the terrible winters of the North-west, by the temestuous violence of the regions of the Sas katchewan and Mackenzie. They had tramped on snow-shoes along the coasts of Ungava and James' bay, and over rivers where a dozen feet of solid ice intervened between them and the crystal waters beneath.

This was a sort of holiday to them. The unusually severe winter had ended and the spring had fairly set in. The ice had left the streams, and the deep blue of the sky indicated the approach of mild weather. There was a crisp coldness of the air, especially in the morning and evening, which made the warmth of camp-fire and blanket very agreeable.

But the weather was just the thing for active exertion and exercise, and it would not have been changed by any member of the party, had he been given the power to do so.

During the cold months that had just ended. "No; I will leave Snagoark nord."
"Suppose he wanders away?"
"He knows better than to go very far; and he and Calamity understand each other so well that they're sure to find each other out. Come, that they're sure to find each other out. Come, that they're sure to find each other out. Come, they're they way it was. He took me to the they're sure to find each other out. Come, they're they're sure to find each other out. Come, they're they way it was. He took me to they way it was the took me to they way it was. He took me to they way it was the took me to the took me to they way it was the took me to the took me to they way it was the took me to the took the agents of the great fur companies of the North-west had been busy catching the numer-ous fur-bearing animals of that territory. An hour's rest, and the signal was given to

Only a few minutes were required for every thing to be placed in the canoes, when they shoved out into the stream. As before, the canoe of Mackintosh took the lead. Nick Whife les sitting in the front, the Scotchman next. while Ned and Calamity took positions in the

rear of them. The long, sweeping paddles were dipped deep in the water, and the boats glided forward with that easy, swift motion which is een when a vessel is under the control of skilled oarsmen.

The round, full moon, shining in an unclouded sky, was directly overhead, so that the I will take this at once to Mr. Sherman's omber forests threw only a narrow strip of hadow along the shore.

The men did not sing, as was their usual custom when sweeping along in this manner, but their pull was as steady and uniform as though they were keeping time with the mo-tion of some "director" elevated above their

The consciousness that they were in a terriory with an air of hostility about it, was the cause of this. When there was no certainty but what the crack of a hostile rifle might be neard at any moment, there was no disposition on the part of the men to make their location known to any lurking foe.

the scene, and Nick Whiffles and Mackintosh conversed only at intervals, and then in tones so low that no one else comprehended the words uttered. Even Ned, with his arm thrown affectionately over Calamity, appear- articulate. ed lost in meditation. Perhaps the strange questioning of the Scotchman had again calle up those shadowy imaginings of which he had spoken; perhaps his mind was running back to that vague period that preceded his falling into his hands; and he saw once more the tall houses, and the beautiful face bending over im, as he saw them in dreams and reveries, when alone upon his couch, or in the vast

wilderness that had so long been his home. Several miles were passed in this manner, and the surface of the Elk river was as smooth as a mirror, except where the swift-cutting canoes and the long, sweeping paddles rippled the water.

Suddenly Nick Whiffles felt some one grasp his arm, and turning, he encountered the pale face of Mackintosh, who, pointing ahead and down-stream, said, in an agitated whisper: 'Look yonder! What is that?

Looking in the direction indicated, Nick saw what, without any effort of the imagination, proven. might be termed a "spirit canoe

Several hundred vards ahead was a small Indian canoe, in which was seated the figure Ned looked somewhat surprised at this re- of a woman apparently motionless. The boat nest, but he nodded, as he rose to his feet, to and its occupant were both of a snowy-white color, and seemed to have risen from the bed

The crews of the two large boats had dis. erned it at the same moment, and, by one mpulse, all stopped rowing, while they gazed n breathless amazement upon the scene

in breathless amazement upon the scene.

What could it mean? Was it a warning from the spirit world? Was it a human being? Had one or even two of these trappers, without any other companions, seen this vision, they would have fled in superstitious terror, as if from the presence of the Evil One himself; but with a score of hards began to the control of the control as it from the presence of the lavil one him-self; but with a score of hardy, brave men, self; but with a score of hardy, brave men, they felt too much courage to flee in fear, although every member of the party was im-pressed with a strange, chilling sensation at the singular sight.

The fact that every living member of the company saw it distinctly and unmistakably, prevented any thing like ridicule or jesting. Have you ever seen it before?" asked Mackintosh

"Yes," replied Nick, gazing steadfastly at it.
"What is it?"

" The Phantom Princess," "What's that? I never heard of it until tonight.'

You know what the critter is, then, as well as I do."

"Have you ever spoken to it?"
"Yes—but it never answered; I've see'd it, but I never could get any nearer than we are

"There is a mystery about it, certainly," added Mackintosh, as if speaking to himself, and then turning about so as to face his men, he spoke in a cheery voice: "Fall to, boys; if you can overtake that creature, I'll divide fifty pounds between you, when we get back to the fort."

The courageous words of their leader acted like magnetism upon the trappers; their pad-dles were dipped by one impulse, and the two heavy canoes sped forward as if rowed by the

'No," was the reply; "there ain't a human ivin' that can do it.

"We can try it, at any rate." "S'pose you do; if you go to put your arms about her, she'd go up in the air, and that would be the last of her." "I am not as superstitious as you, Nick; I

think she is real life and blood, and we are going to unravel a curious mystery.' At the end of ten minutes, it was plain that the "Phantom Princess" was as far away as when first discovered. Mackintosh spoke sharply to his men, and they bent every energy to the work; the water foamed at the prows, and the woods glided rapidly back, like the figures in a panorama. The trappers were toiling as they had never toiled before. What

What did I tell you?" The white cance and the Phantom Princess had vanished!

(To be continued.)

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT. BY MRS. E. F. ELLET. AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED.

OLIVE held the papers firmly pressed against her bosom, as if her very life depended on their safety.

It is a miracle!" she kept repeating. Ruhama, if I could only weep for joy! The prayers of my sad, sleepless nights have been answered, by an interposition of Providence! Ruhama took the document, and turned it h wax, stamped with a crest and a motto in Latin.

"How do you know really what this is?" she asked. "Suppose you open it!"

Olive pointed to the label on the envelor Dated three years back," she said; "I heard; Sherman say he had drawn up a will three years ago, and it was in Mr. Hamilton's favor as 'residuary legatee.' This must be the one which they supposed was lost. It had been deposited with Messrs. Hall & Reynolds; they were Mrs. Stanley's regular solicitors. She took back the document, and held it as

before. Shall we send this to Mr. Hamilton, as soon as we reach home, or send for him, come and receive it? He is bound to owe his

fortune to you, Olive. "We will neither send it, nor send for him.

Yes, that will be best." Ruhama pulled a string to call the coachman's attention, and They drove down-town to the office of the lawyer. 'Send a boy up to ask Mr. Sherman to come

down to the carriage," Ruhama suggested. You shall not go up those stairs, Olive. Here is a card; write a message.' A boy was soon found, who for a reward of a quarter, readily undertook to deliver the card. He returned in a few minutes, with the answer that Mr. Sherman would be down presently. It was about five minutes before he

came, bowing his head in salutation to the ladies as he approached. Olive placed the envelope containing the will in his outstretched hand

"Saved from the fire," was all she could Ruhama explained, that by a very strange accident, hardly two hours before, her co panion, Miss Weston, had seen and recognized, in the hands of a lawyer's errand-boy, box bearing the name of her deceased friend. She had questioned the lad, and learned that he had found it uninjured, after the fire in which Messrs. Hall & Reynolds' premises were destroyed. The papers in the box had been preserved almost by a miracle; Miss Weston had gone for them to the boy's mother, and brought them at once to Mr. Sherman. The

letters, etc., were then handed to him. "Is that the missing will?" asked Mrs. Marsh. "It is the will I drew up three years ago," as lawyer answered. "This is my own writthe lawyer answered. ing—the note and the date. It is a most fortunate thing-its recovery; fortunate, at least, for Mr. Hamilton. This young lady's title to the estate "-nodding to her-" will, I fear, be set aside, as long as an undoubted will can be

Olive had drawn her vail closely to hide the tears that would flow.

'I hope so. I am so happy-so happy," "Otherwise, I do not doubt, the later will would have been re-established; the one in her

favor," continued the lawyer.

It was something new to see one so ready to

renounce a fortune—to abdicate power.

"She must love the young man!" was his judgment, as he went back slowly to his sanc-"No woman alive, who was not in love, would have done as she has done!"

That same evening Mr. Claude Hamilton called at General Marsh's house, and sent up his card with a request that Miss Weston would favor him with an interview. She returned a message, begging to be excused from appearing, on account of indisposition.

It was no more than civility required, she thought, that he should come to thank her for der agency in restoring his rights; but she could not bear his thanks, so, in spite of Ruhama's remonstrances, she refused to see him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FAITHFUL NEGRESS. WEARILY enough sped the hours and the

days to the forlorn prisoner. The scanty streaks of light admitted by the crevices in the planks at the windows sufficed to bring out more forcibly the gloom of the noisome den in which she lay; the air was close and suffocating; the sounds that came from rooms below, of coarse oaths and drunken revelry, terrified her. Many times she started from sleep in affright, supposing that the heavy, hurried footsteps on the stairs were those of men who would presently burst into her room. She could only hide her face, and pray for deliverance; and stop her ears to keep out the hideous language in which Mrs. Hassel's lodgers and guests habitually in-

She rose unrefreshed; and her first effort was to move some of the fastenings of the window; not with a view of escape, but to relieve the agonizing pressure on her burning forehead.

Alas! she only exhausted herself in vain efforts. Her fragile strength could accomplish nothing. Then she bathed her head in the small quantity of water placed in a tin basin for her use; and then turned to the plate of breakfast set in the room while she was dozing. The tea was cold; but she managed to swallow part of it; but could not bring herself to touch the uninviting food. Dizzy with the pain in her head, she flung herself again on the bed, protected by her cloak and shawl from the soiled and ill-smelling bedclothing.

When her jailer came in with her dinner about one o'clock, Elodie besought her, with piteous entreaties, to enlarge the opening at the window that there might be a free circu-

I feel as if my senses would leave me with this splitting headache," was her complaint. "And whose fault is it, I'd like to know?" cried the beldame. "You've only to say you'll obey your uncle, and you will be taken away, and have a home as splendid as you can desire! I have no patience with such obstinate

"It is not pride!" wailed the sufferer. "You don't think your own cousin good

enough for you to marry!" The girl sobbed out an entreaty to be spared violent words, that cut through her brain. Only a little fresh water, if she could not have air.

The woman, after a volley of abuse, flung out of the room, slamming the door so as to give the poor patient a terrible shock. She brought in a pail of fresh water, but accompanied it with renewed curses on the stub-

"I thought you'd 'a' been out of this to-day!" she exclaimed, angrily. "If you're like to plague me with the care of ye much longer, needn't look for much waitin' on, I can

I wish I could die!" sobbed the girl. "I wish you would, and there would be an end of trouble!" retorted the virago. "I shall tell Rashleigh, if you're to stay longer, he must hire somebody to 'tend on you!"

When I count dell' stocked the girl.

When I returned I interpreted your coldness. What he gave don't half pay me for the

Elodie lifted herself up. "You shall be well paid, if you will let me go," she said, with a gleam of hope.

But the woman only laughed. 'You don't come it over me that way," she cried. "I know what you can do, and what

Finding that her reproaches were answered only by groans, she left the prisoner to her

But when, each time the meal was removed. she found it wholly untouched, when she heard low moans and mutterings of delirium -so it seemed to her-instead of articulate speech, from the unfortunate girl, she began

She did not want her to die in her house The inquiry that would follow, and the inquest, would involve her in trouble. Nor did she want her to have an illness, perhaps infectious, that would compel her to call in other help, or to send her only servant to attend

Rashleigh, strangely enough, had not re turned, and a message sent to his lodgings had not found him. On the third day, therefore, woman took into the captive's room hatchet for the purpose of enlarging the aper-

Elodie was lying quiet, apparently in a doze, but was awakened by the noise of splitting the plank. This was done in a few min utes, making an opening as large as one of the panes of glass. The sash was further opened by being drawn down from the top, and the cool, fresh air came in.

The girl's untasted breakfast stood beside the bed. Mrs. Hassel gruffly bade her eat it.
"I cannot, indeed, I cannot!" was the feeble answer. "But I shall feel better, now I can have the air. If you would only give

me more cold water!" With grumbling the woman complied.

She noticed that the girl's cheeks were scar-let, and her eyes bright with fever. "A pretty business I am like to have," she muttered, as she descended. "She will have a relapse, to a certainty. And a doctor will have to be called in! I will go myself for Rashleigh, and tell him to take her away.

Rashleigh had been arrested and remanded for examination, on the charge of kidnapping a young lady with felonious intent. At that stage of the inquiry no bail was admitted, notwithstanding his declaration that the girl had escaped from him, and he knew not where

Elodie rose, dreadfully weakened as she was, to bathe her head and neck in the cold She could not eat. But she managed. with difficulty, to drag herself to the window, where she could look out at the opening.

"No, no, it must not! You must prevent came up from the garbage below. But the sunlight, and the rifts of blue sky seen at a

"No, no, it must not! You must possionate eagerness.

Mr. Sherman looked at her wonderingly as he lifted his hat to say adieu.

A woman came out with a basket of wet clothes, and began to hang them on a line. Elodie saw by her hands and bare arms that she was a colored woman.

Two or three times the woman went back and returned with more wet garments, before Elo-die caught a glimpse of her face. When she did, she started up wildly, and beat at the window, with a cry of:
"Nelly! Oh, Nelly! Nelly!"

The woman stopped and looked around her, not knowing whence the cry came. Then it occurred to Elodie that to call her in the hearing of her jailer would be to defeat her chance of communicating with her. She snatched up a cambric handkerchief

The handkerchief had her full name written in a corner. The girl saw Nelly pick it up,

and read the name, then kiss it eagerly, and look toward her. Elodie's face was at the opening, and she

made a gesture of caution by putting her finger on her lips. Nelly answered by a silent signal that she understood her. In a few minutes the captive heard a stealthy step approaching her door. Apply-

ing her ear to the keyhole, she caught the low "All right, honey; I'll come to ye directly, when the missis is gone out.

Content with this, and full of new hope, the girl sat down and tried to collect har thoughts sufficiently to decide what should be done. First, she drew from her pocket a small nemorandum-book, with a pencil, and wrote clearly on one of the leaves the address of Wyndham Blount's house and office. On another she scrawled a brief note, imploring him to come and save her, before her reason should be overturned in the dreary discomforts of her

Rashleigh would hide her away where they could never find her. Her head ached so fearfully, she could not sit up a moment longer. With a thanksgiving and a prayer, she again threw herself on the couch, holding her forehead, on which she had laid a handkerchief dipped in cold water, and listening for the step of her friend and de-

eaptivity. He must not lose a moment; or

It was more than an hour and a half before she heard again the stealthy step. her name was pronounced in a loud tone. She started up and staggered to the door. The paroxysm of fever had returned, and she controlled her movements with difficulty.

"Oh, Nelly!" she wailed, in answer to the call; "take me out! I shall die here!" I cannot open the door, honey. I have looked for the key; the missus must have taken it when she went to market. No other

key opens this door but the one!' "Oh, Nelly! What shall be done? Cannot you break the door open?" "I dare not try, Miss Elodie! Miss' Hassel

may come back any minute! She would strangle me if she knew I was speakin' to ye! She's an awful woman!'

"Nelly, I cannot live long, shut up here! You must bring some one to help me!"
"Shall I call the police, honey? But the missus would tell them her lies! She told me she had a sick niece up-stairs, just come from the country; and said how her fever was catching, and I mustn't go near her. She'd wallop

me if she knew I came up-stairs." "Nelly, I will shove a paper under the door; can you get it?" "All right, I've got it, Miss."
"You must go to that place; it's my guar-

"Hi—de young gentleman who came to see your aunt Letty-

"Nelly, please don't lose any time! Take a carriage and drive there! I have no money, but Mr. Blount will pay for it! Bring him "Mr. Hamilton, how can this be?"

the missus to mind the house!"

you, Nelly. You shall go with me."
In five minutes the faithful woman had left the house. Elodie sunk into unconsciousnes as the fever rose.

Mrs. Hassel was furious, on her return, to find the house deserted. After calling Nelly at the top of her voice, she ran to the door of the room where her prisoner lay, and turned the key in no little trepidation.

The sick girl lay on the couch burning with

fever, and drawing her panting breath like sobs. The woman gave no heed to her sad condition, in her relief to find she had not escaped during her absence. She spoke to her, but received no answer. Then she went out again, and locked the door, muttering threats against her servant, who had gone out without leave, not for the first time.

Not more than two hours afterward, when the virago's rage was beginning to give way to serious alarm, she saw a carriage stop at the front door. A young gentleman descended, followed by two police officers. The door-bell rung violently.

The woman was obliged to open the door. Where is the young lady you have a prisoner here?" demanded Wyndham Bloun "A young lady! How you frightened me! There's no young lady here.

Blount made a signal to the officers, one of whom arrested Mrs. Hassel, calling her by "You will see, madam, the game is up.

Where is the girl who was kidnapped by Bennet Rashleigh, and brought here on Friday night?" 'Rashleigh!" The woman began with abuse

of him; she would not answer for any of his dirty practices; not she! The young lady was here two hours ago.

Show the room where she is, or it will be wors 'There is only Mr. Rashleigh's niece; he

brought her here sick, and asked me to board her till he could take her home. She is not a young lady; but a poor girl!" "Show us the room!" The beldame was compelled to obey

"Do you commonly lock your boarders in their rooms, madam?" asked one of the officers, as the woman reluctiantly produced the

She muttered something about being afraid her hand. the sick girl would walk out in her delirium and fall down the stairs "Or throw herself out of the window, I sup-

pose?" mocked the man-noticing the barricaded window, as the door was thrown open. She'll have to go under lock and key for only the horrible prison in which she had been this, herself," observed the other officer, with a

Olive Weston obeyed the summons to her bedside, and took up her abode in Mrs. Blount's house. It was her only comfort to be useful

Ruhama came every day to inquire after the invalid. And more than once Emily St. Clare came to watch at night over the poor girl she learned to love, pitying her so profoundly.

One evening Ruhama came later than usual, and it was nearly dusk when Olive went into

the parlor to meet her.
"I have the doctor's permission," whispered
Mrs. Marsh, "to take a look at poor Elodie.

I will run up to her room for a few minutes She vanished as she spoke. As Olive turned, she found both her hands seized by a gentleman who had come in with her friend, but whom she had not at first seen.

It was Claude Hamilton Olive had carefully avoided him, and they had not met since the will had been found and

restored to Sherman. He led the trembling girl to a seat at one end of the room, still retaining her hand.

She drew it away gently, as she tried to utter a congratulation, which she felt to be his

"I owe everything to you, Olive," he be "It was my rash act that brought trouble on you," she faltered; "I was bound to seek a remedy when the opportunity occurred so prov-

identially." "I owe you heartfelt gratitude; for all you did was for my benefit. But—Olive—I cannot avail myself of a will which is not Mrs. Stanley's latest one; which does not express her last wishes."

It thrilled her to the heart to be called

'Olive" by him; but she answered, with such forced calmness as to appear cold:
"Mr. Hamilton, you must not carry too far your chivalric notions. Mrs. Stanley meant you, and you alone, to be her heir."

Not me alone; you know she did not." "Why will you pain me by allusions-Again he caught her hand.

"Would to Heaven," he exclaimed, impetu ously, "you would let me shield you from all pain, Olive. I can only accept this fortune if you will share it with me!"
"Mr. Hamilton! I had never the slightest
claim on Mrs. Stanley's bounty! You know I

had not. It was a mistake that caused her Claude interrupted her, clasping her hand

warmly, and speaking in tones that went to her very soul. "She made no mistake, Olive, in thinking that I loved you with all my heart! I do love you! I have always loved you—you only—

and my life will be wretched if you refuse to bless it with your love!'

"I'll go directly, honey. I'll not wait for When I returned, I interpreted your coldness to mean utter aversion. It was only within a "Don't wait an instant! I will take care of day or two that I learned by how gross a blunder I had been deprived of the chance of re ceiving your answer to my letter. Olive, my love! I have suffered for it! Can you not for-

She lifted her face. "Is it possible? Are you not engaged to Miss Monelle?"

"I have never been engaged to any one. have never loved any one but you, Olive! I have feared that you disliked me! I have been most unhappy! Tell me you have not avoid-

"I never disliked you!" "Can you love me, Olive? May I hope to gain your love, if I have never had it? you pardon all my folly and stupidity?"

The girl could not speak; but she put her hand in her lover's. It was answer enough.

This time Claude not only imprisoned her hand, but clasped her to his breast, and press-

ed the kiss of betrothal on her lips For an hour they sat together, and the twi-Olive started as light deepened into night. the door was opened, letting in a flood of light

Ruhama entered, came up to them, and, seeing how it was, kissed Olive, with tears in her eyes. "May you be happy!" she murmured. She went out with Claude; and Olive sought her own room, to vent her emotion in happy In an hour she went to resume her

watch by Elodie's bedside. The suffering girl had the attendance of the est physicians in the city; but their skill little in the struggle with disease. Life and death battled for her; and that life won the victory, was owing, under God's

blessing, to her vigorous youthful constitution. Wyndham took his share in the nightwatches, and he was with her when the crisis came. The morning sun sent its first golden shimmer to play on the wall, and the fresh morning breeze came in caressingly, when Elodie opened her eyes, to which intelligence had returned, and fixed them on the face bending over her. Olive had come in and stood

"Dear guardian!" the patient softly mur- the game. "You must not talk!" he answered, pressing "We are so thankful that you will

beside Wyndham.

immured.

be spared to us." Elodie closed her eyes in a peaceful sleep, and he stole softly from the room. When strength returned, the invalid begged

to know how she came there; she remembered

It was a sorry view, the dirty, small rear yard, choked with heaps of rubbish, with the grimy walls of yards belonging to houses in the next street. A strong, sickening odor What need to prolong the details of our the house through a course of cleansing before | Sept

As the wife of Wyndham Blount, she never again wished to figure as a candidate for public applause.

THE END.

A very splendid and powerful love story, by MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, will soon be commenced, viz.: "Vials of Wrath; or, A Grave Between Them "-one of the most deeply interesting and exciting serials that has appeared for a long time.

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

PRACTICALLY the great race for the professional "whip pennant" of 1875 is ended, there being no doubt now of the ultimate success of the Boston "Red Stockings" as winners of the

championship for the present year. Consequently, already there is a decline in the inter est which centered on the contest, and the attention of the base-ball public is now called to the preparations already in progress for the coming campaign of the Centennial year of 1876, the indications now being such as to ensure for that year the greatest furor for baseball playing ever known in the history of the game. The number of professional organiza-tions it is proposed to place in the arena next year are tenfold greater than has ever before been thought of even. In fact there is not a prominent city North, East and West which does not propose to have its representative pro-fessional club in the field in 1876. In view of this important fact it behooves the officers of the present Professional Association to take duction of some rule of membership of the National Association which will limit the contest ants in the championship arena next season to such clubs as will be in a position to carry out their campaign programme to the close of the season. Certainly the entries for the race for the championship should be limited to regular stock company organizations, all co-operative clubs being excluded. If any one thing has been conclusively proved by the experience of the season's play of 1875, it has been that cooperative professional clubs are in every re-pect organizations damaging to the best intersts of the Professional National Association They have plainly been shown to be little else than schools where the worst evils of professional play are nursed and supported. Managers of such combinations have no control ove their players, they have no command of funds sufficient to defray the expenses incidental to the carrying out of their season's work, and they only act as barriers to the successful work of the regular stock company clubs. The time has come to let this class of professional clubs run their machines alone, just as the amateur gate-money clubs do, and to limit the entries for the annual race for the pennant to the regularly-established stock ba ions, such as the Boston, Hartford, Athletic,

St. Louis and Chicago clubs. THE RECORD OF SEPTEMBER. September closed with a smaller record of games played in the professional arena than in any previous month of the season. The average, too, was not up to the mark of that of August the average figure for winning nines being eight runs to a game instead of seven as in August. The record of the best games played in September is as follows:

Some better play may be looked for in October, as there will be quite a struggle for second and third position,

THE AMATEUR ARENA. tion at its next session to be a remedy for the existing and growing evil of "revolving," which has far outreached this season any previous progress it had made in amateur organizations. Nearly half the leading contests among amateur clubs in the middle States during September were played by picked nines under the name of club teams. The result has been that all the interest which would naturally accrue from the rivalry between legiti mate club nines has been lost, and quarrels, disputes and dissensions have multiplied to a surprising extent.

amateur arena during September, as the appended record of the leading amateur contests 'model" games played being largely in excess of any previous month known in the annals of

AMATEUR NINES' RECORD FOR SEPTEMBER,

The officer answered by quietly slipping a pair of handcuffs over her wrists.

Meanwhile Wyndham had lifted in his arms the insensible form on the couch.

Elodie opened her glazed eyes, and looked in his face; but she knew him not. She spoke, but her utterance was only the low moaning of delirium.

Wyndham bade one of the officers help him carry her, wrapped in her cloak and shawl, down-stairs and out to the carriage. He Mrs. Hassel's arrest, led her to the policepiaced her tenderly within it, supporting her in his arms, and ordered the driver to go to his mother's house.

The two officers, who held the warrant for court, from which she was consigned to a lodging in the Tombs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE'S MAZES CLEARED.

FOR many days and nights lay Elodie unconscious of all around her, while the brainfever that had seized upon her ran its fearful fever that had s

6. Red Sox vs. Olympic, at Louisville... 7
15. Englewood vs. Excelsion, at Englewood 7
11. Eagle vs. St. Louis Red Sox, at Lou'lle 7
20. Nassau vs. Leroy, at Brooklyn... 7
14. Maple Leaf'vs. New Haven, at Guelph. 7
11. Beacon vs. Taunton, at Taunton, Mass 7
11. Binf City vs. Phoenix, at Sycamore (12) 7
12. Resolute vs. Live Oak, at Portland, Me 7
13. Resolute vs. Live Oak, at Portland, Me 7
14. Binf City vs. Phoenix, at Sycamore (12) 7
15. Resolute vs. Live Oak, at Portland, Me 7
16. Lone Star vs. Oriental, at Rosend'e (10) 7
17. Resolute vs. Live Oak, at Prooklyn... 7
18. Star vs. Americus, at Cincinnati... 7
18. Star vs. Americus, at Cincinnati... 7
18. Clipper vs. Silver Star, at Winona... 8
19. New York vs. Brooklyn, at Brooklyn. 8
19. Chelsea vs. Staten Island, at S. Island 8
19. New York vs. Brooklyn, at Brooklyn. 8
19. Chelsea vs. Staten Island, at S. Island 8
19. Resolute vs. Wutual, at Meadville, Pa. 8
19. Resolute vs. Mutual, at Meadville, Pa. 8
19. Randolph vs. Star, at Covington, Ky. 3
19. Live Oak vs. Star, at Dover... 8
19. Mutual vs. Lexington, at Newark, N.J. 8
19. Mutual vs. Lexington, at Newark, N.J. 8
19. Eureka vs. Clipper, at Hopkinton, Mass 8
19. Eureka vs. Clipper, at Hopkinton, Mass 8
19. Eureka vs. Clipper, at Brooklyn. 8
19. Liphaway, jr. vs. Florence, at Reading, Pa. 8
19. Liphaway, jr. vs. Florence, at Roston. 9
19. Liphaway, jr. vs. Florence, at Foroklyn. 9
19. Liphaway, jr. vs. Florence, at Forokly

Beat Time's Notes.

FINE clothes make fine men; a frog in gaudy eathers would look well.

MANY a man's name to a piece of paper is naughtograph.

ALL editors, though they advocate a coin currency, are very clamorous for paper money—money for their paper.

An active dog turned round the other day and climbed up his tail until he was clear out of sight, and never returned. Brown says he believes in fair dealing, but

when life insurance agents come around with cast-iron-lined pants, he abhors the fraud. THE last coat that tailor made me I liked very well, until the buttonholes began to drop off; then I went back on him.

At the last lecture at the hall, everything audience except beds. They were needed.

AT a recent hanging out West, the scaffold was constructed so very ricketty that the sheriff kindly requested the culprit not to kick, for fear it would fall down. AT a boarding-house down-town they have an Indian-rubber table, and when the board-

ers sit down it is stretched out, and the dishes are so far apart then that they can't reach many of them. It is very economical. In taking down a stove I always found it most convenient to take the pipe out and let it tumble to pieces and fall on my head, and then

give the stove a kick. It is the most satisfactory way I know of. Jones says this call for more rag-money is assuming undue proportions. The amount of money which his wife asks him for to buy rags to clothe herself in gorgeous style is alarming, and he expresses himself decidedly

in favor of contraction. I saw a very remarkable thing down-street to-day. A man was in the air three feet above the sidewalk; his feet were up and he was touching nothing. It was one of the greatest performances I ever beheld. I wanted to sit down and contemplate the marvel at The Amateur National Association will find my leisure, but he didn't stay up there long its most important subject for legislative acenough; in fact, he got down soon-very soon -on the sidewalk, and on inquiry I found that he had only slipped up on a watermelon-rind. He whispered that he never knew just how heavy he was before.

I USED to love a fat girl-my love had weight to it. She was ever in my mind-and I hadn't such a large mind either. I used to have her in my eye, too. It was a large love, for my love weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. I never asked her to be mine, however, (two hundred and eighty pounds of her) for fear she would swoon and fall over into my Some fine play has been exhibited in the arms and mash me flat. When I sat on one side of her I always looked around to see if some other fellow wasn't courting on the other of the month fully shows, the number of side. I concluded it wouldn't do for her to lean on me through life, so I wilted.

HE was a fine-haired chap, and he talked right along at the table. His victuals went down, but his conversation never did. The more he had in his mouth the faster the words were shot out of his head; but all at once he paused; the cause of that period in his speech was a round hot potato in his mouth. It was a terrible silence to him. He sorrowfully gazed around with tears in his eyes to see if anybody was looking at him, and he found there was; and his cheeks were red-hot, clear through. He wandered away from that table a rush, and the last seen of him was when he was at the pump, pumping cold water into his mouth at the rate of forty gallons

BEAT TIME.

MATURDAT ROUBINATO-E-30



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

EF All communications, based on the saddressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHEES, 98 WILLIAM St., NEW YORK.

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Sunshine Papers.

Burke Corrected.

EDMUND BURKE, writing of the French revolution and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, says: "Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is

"But the age of chivalry is gone!" Did Burke's words express a reality, a reality that extends even to this day? or did he, seeing blindly through the clouds of war, mistake for perished what was merely for a time submerged under the waves of social anarchy? Surely if Burke could come back from his long quiet, and make a few observations in modern soci ety, he would not have the ungraciousness to declare that we have no chivalry among us! How could be so malign our gallant and courtly American youths? In what age of chivalry ever bloomed such flowers as adorn our highways and public places?

Oh, spirit of Burke! we invoke thy presence for a brief period among our brothers, and friends, and masculinity in general, of this seventh decade of the nineteenth century! Bethou our companion for a little time, in the ordinary walks of life, and learn that thy declaration was premature, in beholding the chivalrous souls that inspire the words and actions of our lords of creation!

We, of the sex of that fair queen whose sad fate you so gallantly deprecated, ask you to accompany us this day. We propose to make some visits. Ah! how unfortunate that as we pass to the door our slender umbrella slips to the sidewalk; its silken cover is too dainty for such contact, but the mishap is valuable, as it points a trait of American chivalry; see how careful this gentleman is to let it be undisturbed, and how gallantly he admires us soil our light gloves in picking it up.

Will that stage-driver never look this way and heed our signal? It seems not, and we must await the next, for the chivalry of these several gentlemen who have observed our trou ble, teaches them, intuitively, that it would rend our hearts to have them raise a sound in our behalf. But here is the next stage, and the driver sees us. How steep and slippery and muddy are the steps, how unwieldy the heavy door, how chivalrous the man at this corner reading his paper, how considerately he spares us the surprise of having to thank him for any assistance rendered! That gentleman opposite will get our bill changed, carefully count what money is to be returned to us, and settle our fare? Why, my poor spirit, that would be absurd! How much more gallant to allow us these little entertainments! He can display his knightly character in so much courtlier ways; he can put the window down back of us, or up, without consulting us; he can stare at us prolongedly, leer at us over his paper, or step on our sensitive toes. We by alighting to help us down the dangerous

we are ushered in our friend's parlor. A gentleman is just issuing thence. He does not embarrass us by holding wide the door with courtly bow, or pushing a comfortable chair to our acceptance. He chivalrously does not | ing it. notice us and goes his way. Presently some gentlemen callers lounge in. They pleasantly gentlemen callers lounge in. They pleasantly been in operation. He said they had been in overcoats are likewise worn. The materials orget to leave sporting news and a flavor of running order long before the making of the slang in their conversation outside the doors; they chivalrously criticize an absent lady, ing the question.

speaking of her in admirably familiar terms. When we arise to go, they do not relax their peculiarly easy positions, but wish us a care-lessly polite good-day.

We turn our steps toward the business part of town. Notice, oh, spirit! how freely our chivalrous men bestow on us bold glances, criicize us aloud as we pass, fling compliments to our ears as we go near them on the promen-ade. Notice also how they smoke in our presence, ornament the walk for our feet, appro priate seats set aside for us, come in rude contact with us, and hasten on without apology; how seldom they seek to lighten our burdens give us a helping hand, or perform little gal-lantries for us. And think you no chivalry eddies through their veins? Ah, how you wrong them! They can clear themselves, if they will. Listen to what they will tell you: That women, in these days, are so self-suffi-cient, and usurping, and independent, that truest chivalry can only express itself as you have beheld!

Now, spirit, return whence thou camest, and be satisfied that the "age of chivalry" abides with us!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

GENTLE WORDS.

How little gentle words cost, yet what a potent power have they over us mortals! What encouragement do they not bear—how they lighten toil, remove obstacles and cheer us on over the rugged pathway of life! They so make us and others brighter, happier and more cheerful, that it is impossible to compute the amount of benefit they confer on one

After a woman has been at work all the day long, and feels weary enough to lay down her burden of life, vexed with the crosses she has met with, discouraged with the many failures she has made, almost tired out with the hard work she has accomplished, and troubled in spirit because she has not done as much as she should, and knowing that the same dull marvelously strange and exciting episodes in routine of duties must be gone through with on the morrow, don't you think a gentle word would help her to bear more patiently the troubles and cares that fall to her lot? Wouldn't she feel thankful to you for a few words of

sympathy and encouragement? When the merchant comes home from a long day's work of vexation and care, and his mind and brain are in quite a tumult, and he feels cross and snappish with himself and those around him, if there were a friendly face to meet him on the threshold and kindly hands were there to remove his overcoat, while gentle words welcomed him home as though he were really welcome, his brain would be calmer and his mind more tranquil. If those for whom he was slaving his life were to treat him with loving kindness and feelings of true and sincere affection he would look on his cares as pleasures; the gentle words would make him forget that sales were slow, that there were such things as money panics, his home would seem like a little Eden. These gentle words yield more interest than railway hares; they are like trees that bear ahundant

When you want to reclaim the drunkard do so with gentle words; let him see that he has a friend, as well as an adviser in you, and you'll make more converts to temperance than you will by scolding the inebriate. A few gentle words sway many a man from a downward course and reclaim others who have fal-

treatment had no effect. Kindness is very

Have gentle words for the aged; they'll not see the Cave of the Winds. and you should smooth the passage to their long home with gentle words. Remember, I came away impressed with they have many pains, infirmities and afflictions of which we know nothing. Their age book, with a roaring in my ears which wakes makes them dependent on us for many things, | my wife up in the night. and we should undertake that care as a solemn duty. If the old are fractious and peevish, and we feel inclined to answer them harshly let us keep the unkind words to ourselves. If we are peevish and petulant in our answers it will but make them more so; yet, if they notice that our responses are gentle, they not be so exacting in their demands. When we are cross and harsh with the helpless aged, we forget there was a time when we were even more helpless than they, and our treatment was not such as we bestow upon them. Put the matter in that light and you will see plainly how the case stands.

Commendation spurs us on to do better and strive the harder to reach the goal we are hoping to win; the gentle words are, to us, what the cheers of the performer are to him, for we feel that others are anxious for our success. Censure discourages us; it makes us falter for fear failure will be the result, and because we fear a failure we fear to try.

If Courage were marked on every guideboard in our journey through life, we should go on bravely and persistently until the end was reached, and we should find that gentle words put us on our way to heaven. Let us then find those who are in need of encouragement, and do all in our power to show them by our gentle words and loving deeds, the way is not so dreary, and kindness is not entirely EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Niagara Falls. THE Niagara Falls beats all the falls which we have had since the beginning of the Chris-

tian era I am glad that I have lived to behold them, and will be gladder if I can live a good many years after I beheld them.

The water falls over just as easy as can be from a hight of one hundred and sixty-eight feet to a depth of one hundred and sixty feet, making in all three hundred and thirty-

I hired a guide, who took hold of my hand and led me around for fear I might fall over the precipices, and forget to fall back, as they

In falling such a distance the water gets so alight, but no chivalrous man would annoy us dreadfully hot that it boils at the bottom, and steam enough rises up to furnish all the engines in the world if it was gathered up. The mist is very dense, and if more of it was missed we could see more of the Falls.

I gazed upon the terrible scene-I believe that is what they have got in the habit of call-

I asked the guide how long these Falls had

They never cover them up when it rains. How my grand soul yearned to travel around through the country with those Falls

exhibiting them in all the principal cities!

They say the Falls are gradually wearing away, and it seemed to me it would be a good thing to turn the water to one side and pre-

The guide told me that the proprietors had an ample supply of water to run them many The Falls never freeze up in the winter en-

tirely; if they did what a glorious thing it would be to slide down on a sled! Occasionally some one goes down over the Falls, but he generally goes on down through

to China. A little steamer plies below the Falls, but it never runs up the Falls more than a hundred

Newly married people generally, on their wedding tour, take the Falls in—afterward they have their falls out.

If it wasn't so wet around there it would be nuch better.

I wanted the guide to catch a little rainbow for me, but he said he hadn't time to do it. I half believe the Falls will play out before long from the fact that everybody about there charges so much for anything that they are trying to make the most out of it before it plays out. You can only see the Falls through

a hole in a fifty dollar bill, nowadays; it bursts a fifty dollar bill mighty soon.

I got a boy to black my boots and he charged me fifty cents, though I furnished half the spit. When I remonstrated with the gouger he said that he had his mother's son. his sister's brother, and his uncle's nephew to

upport and times was hard. When the hackman upset me he wanted to charge me two dollars extra, because, he said, he couldn't afford to upset that way for nothing; he argued so well I could not resist, but paid him. But one thing I will say in favor of these hackmen: they didn't take all my money, though I had considerable; they left me enough to get back home with, and I am very thankful.

The roar of the falling waters is so deafening that you can't hear your wife talk, and I think it would be kind o' soothing to the nerves to reside in the immediate neighbor-

hood—the sound is so lulling. The Falls do not belong entirely to the United States, and there is where I blush for my country. The best part of the Falls is on my country. The best part of the Falls is on the Canada side, which is a shame, and reflects no credit on our patriotic statesmen. What

are they doing all this time? A Canada chap told me they had falls over n his country nearly a mile high. "Falls of water?" I asked.
"Even so," said he.

But he afterward told me they were rain-

falls; then we smiled.

An English nobleman who was visiting Niagara introduced himself to me and showed me the most polite honor and attention; wherever I went he went. I was very proud of his attentions, and never allowed him to pay a cent for expenses. He gave me the most pressing invitations to visit him at his castle when I went to England, and borrowed a hundred dollars of me. He promised to see me in the evening, but he forgot it. Now, I had all confidence in the man. Who knows but he might have been robbed and thrown over the

rocks! Perhaps he forgot my address. len. Many a reformed drunkard will tell you that gentle words saved him where harsh be drawn from the contemplation of the glories and splendors of the enchanting scene seldom thrown away and there isn't too much of it in this world. Intemperance must be an sphere, by a fellow who was flipping three affliction for any one to put up with, but there are cases where bitter words have caused a man to drink deeper and deeper, while loving, gentle ones, caused another to break the bottle and never touch the drink again.

sphere, by a fellow who was flipping three cards on a bench beside me. He asked me blandly what I'd bet on picking up the tray. That was plain enough. A fellow as simple as he ought to lose five dollars, so I laid down my V, picked up the deuce, and went down to my V, picked up the deuce, and went down to

be with you long; they'll not trouble you a great while; they are fast nearing the grave, the stew; yet with all the discommodities, one

I came away impressed with the magnitude

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN

Gents' Fall Styles.

TLAVELING and business suits for fall and winter display the prevalent taste for extreme English styles. Large plaids are chosen for the whole suit of coat, waistcoat, and trowsers. The prevailing colors are iron-gray and darkbrown, though other dark grounds are worn. The materials are English and Scotch goods, also the rough-threaded Knickerbocker cloths and the soft, flexible camel's hair, closely resembling in fabric and design those in use for ladies. The business coat is a double-breasted reefing sack, cut longer than sacks have been for many years; its edges are double-stitched—not bound. The trowsers are very large. As these business suits are for general everyday wear, tailors seek to vary the manner of making them. Sometimes they are in the full English style with a single-breasted Newmarket coat fastened by from one to three buttons. with flaps at the waist and pockets. With such a coat the waistcoat is high to wear with scarf. Plaids and other dark mixtures known as suitings are used for the coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons. Undress suits of heavy blue chev. ot or of cloth of excellent quality are in favor with young men.
Some fashionable tailors insist upon making

everything en suite, and positively decline to make a coat unless they are also permitted to make a waistcoat of the same material with it. Cloths with fine minute diagonal lines, twilled like nuns' serge, are preferred to the broad coarse-looking diagonal cloths worn a year ago. Dark-blue suits, of invisible shades that are little more definite than blue-black, are even more desirable than they were during the

Wide bindings of galloon are fashionable for edging coats, but men of plain tastes consider these trimmings too pronounced and showy, and prefer instead a narrow roll or a small corded edge of braid. Men who dress in the hight of fashion wear wide pantaloons cut straight, with no spring over the ankles.

All new overcoats are very long in the skirt, and in this alone is there any rule, for their hapes are diversified. Surtouts and sacks are both worn. The more dressy surtouts are long, double-breasted frocks, with silk linings and velvet collars. Sacks are long and shaped to the figure, and may be either single or double-breasted. The greater number are doublebreasted, but there is still a preference for single-breasted sacks with fly-fronts. The fashionable color for overcoats is dark-gray in the pepper-and-salt mixtures known as Dark-blue, brown, and black colored fords. overcoats are likewise worn. The materials world, and charged me a shilling for answer- Heavier cloths, that are called fur-beavers and elysians, will be used for winter overcoats. outlay.

Reefing sacks of the heavy material used for overcoats are made up very warmly, and worn before putting on winter overcoats by gentlemen who do not wear the light overcoats described for autumn.

Topics of the Time.

-WE now know where the cheese comes from some of it. Urawford county, Pa., has in operation fifty-eight factories, producing 6,310,000 ands of cheese; Erie county twenty two facpounds of cheese; Eric county twenty two factories, producing 2,610,000 pounds; Mercer and Venango counties eleven factories, producing 647,700 pounds. The aggregate in the four northwest counties of Pennsylvania is one hundred and one factories, producing 9,557,700 pounds of cheese. And yet there are counties in New York that can show equally big figures. If figures don't lie then we must be tremendous cheese eaters. Of course, we send the article all over the world, but even that don't stop the snowly the world, but even that don't stop the supply. Hay, corn, cotton, wheat, hogs and cheese—these are their order of value, commercially, to this country.

-A boy recently found a pocket-book and recurred it to its owner, who gave him a five-cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handing it rejuctantly back, audibly ighed, as he said: "I can't change it." But the meanest man we have heard of is the father of a amily of seven boys and girls, in a near by State, who subscribes for this paper, and after having read it carefully, then lets it out to the boys and girls in succession, charging one cent each, for a reading. This nets him seven cents—a profit of one cent per week! When he dies he expects to go to the Golden City, but how he is to get in we don't see.

to get in we don't see.

—The engineering skill demanded to get the Southern Pacific railway across the mountains through what is called Tehachape Pass, may be inferred from the statement that for twenty miles there is one continuous succession of cuts, fills, and tunnels. To reach an elevation in one part of this section eight miles of track will be laid to attain one mile of actual progress. The road at that point runs through a tunnel, and then encircles a hill at a heavy grade. Another tunnel is nearly two miles long, and in places over a thousand feet below the surface. It is a matter of grave doubt if the trade with the Pacific warrants a second road, built at such enormous cost.

—We are now informed that four of the editors of the Vicksburg, Miss., Herald have been killed within as many months; but the Herald says this is nothing compared with the mortality on the Vicksburg Sentinel, which lost five editors, and then died itself. Journalism in that region must be an exhilarating profession. At that rate of consumption the supply bids fair to fall short ef the demand. We know of at least a dozen editors in the North who ought to go to Vicksburg for their country's good. for their country's good.

—The colored parson of a Georgia church gave out a hymn which did not accord with any tune known to the congregation. An old darkey in the corner rose up and said: "Parson, I'm pretty sartin I kin reech to both eends o' them varses." "Brudder Jones will raise de time;" and the old man gave out a series of shrieks to outrival a calliope with a drunken engineer. "Hold up, brudder," cried the frantic preacher; "de singing will be adjourned to de next meeting."

—If the physognomy of James Lick of California isn't prepossessing, and his name isn't aristocratic, he is just as welcome as a big harvest. In his new deed of trust, by which he dispossesses himself of the great bulk of his fortune of \$5,000,000, he reduces the sum for a monument to Francis Scott Key from \$150,000 to \$60,000. The appropriation of \$250,000 for bronze statuary to be set up at Sacremento is reduced to \$100,000. The \$300,000 appropriated to endow a school to be called "The California School of Mechanical Arts," is increased to \$540,000. -If the physognomy of James Lick of Cali-

-The British iron-clad Inflexible is now about —The British iron-clad Inflexible is now about one-fourth completed, work having been begun upon her in February, 1864. Unless the progress of invention results in the projecting of a still more formidable engine of marine warfare before the Inflexible is launched, she will possess the thickest armor, the heaviest guns, the largest displacement in tons, the most machinery in the world, and probably prove more expensive than any other war-vessel hitherto constructed. She will have engines for steering for loading guns. will have engines for steering, for loading guns, for hoisting shot and shell, for ventilation, for for hoisting shot and shell, for ventilation, for moving turrets, for lowering boats and for turning the capstan as well as for propulsion. The vessel is little more than a floating castle, rectangular above water, one hundred feet long by seventy-five feet in width, and protected by twenty-four inches total thickness of iron. The two turrets which are placed within the citadel are formed of iron of a single thickness of eighteen inches, and within each of them are two eighty-ton guns, which can be trained to any point of the compass. The main engines work up to eight thousand indicated horse power, and the bunkers carry twelve hundred tons of coal. The total cost of the vessel is placed at \$2,605

-A somewhat exciting and astonishing aunouncement is made by certain astronomers in Europe regarding evidences of life on the moon. For several months, a peculiar bright spot had en discovered, shining from the extreme edge the moon's disk, at a point where no moun-ins break the continuity of its perimeter. This tains break the continuity of its perimeter. This light suddenly disappeared and remained invisible for nearly twelve months. It has lately reappeared in greater brilliancy than ever, and the immense power of the telescope attached to the Pamlateska observatory, in Russia, so well known in the scientific world, has developed the fact that the light proceeds from some huge burnished substance, acting as a mirror, which must be at least one hundred feet in diameter. The most astonishing thing in the matter is the almost complete proof that this is actually a mirror of artificial construction, and the theory of the savaus at Pamlateska is, that it is erected for observations of a scientific character, principally to obons of a scientific character, principally to oberve the phases of the earth's surface. As the oon presents to us the side that is always away from the sun, we see only the uninhabitable por-tion of the satellite. The side toward the sun may be very habitable, and with an atmosphere quite suitable to animal life.

-We gave an account some time ago of an attempt to breed the camel in Texas, for use over its great sandy plains in the north-west. A new enterprise, with more prospect of its success, has een started in the vicinity of the Cape of Good ow being developed, to secure a regular and bundant supply of ostrich feathers, so highly rized in the fashionable world. A large extent f suitable bush-land is fenced in, over which the irds roam peaceably enough in ordinary times, ut in the breeding season the pairs select and ccupy one of the several small camps laid out occupy one of the several small camps laid out for the purpose. The birds are very fierce and savage at this period, but at all other times are as tame as a flock of sneep. They assemble to be fedat bugle-call, though the feeders have to be careful of any loose articles there may be about, for the ostriches snap up and swallow immedi-ately any such trifles as tobacco pipes, knives, spoons, coins, etc., and make attempts to wrench off buttons from boots and clothing, and are not particular as to watches and chains if they can se-cure them. The plucking of the birds is a dan-The plucking of the birds is a danation. They are enticed by the bugle gerous operation. They are enticed by the bugle-call into a small inclosure, where they are pack-ed as cfosely as possible to prevent them from ad-ministering those terrible kicks to the pluckers of which they are capable, and which are delivered with a force sufficient to break a man's thigh. The plumage of the farmed ostrich is said to be abundant in quantity and superior in quality and the yield from a well-stocked and carefullyended farm returns a large profit on the whole

Readers and Contributors.

To Cornespondents and Authors.-No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.
Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompa spea merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folloor page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of nee.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

We shall have to decline "The Orphan Girl;"
"Two Women's Wrongs;" "Lumpy;" "A Queer
Serenade."

Accepted: "Nothing but a Baby;" "What a Bo-emian Saw;" "A Leading Lady; "The Old Love nd the New;" "A Sketch in Transit;" "Denver ane;" "A Pass."

T. S. E. Reporters are paid by the "job" or plece, or are salaried per week.

JOHANNA DEAN. Don't understand you. Are you really engaged, or have you been so and are not so now?

PETER G. A grain in weight was taken from the wheat grain, which, in early times, was used as a weight.

How Is IT. The President's salary now is fifty thousand dollars per year. The White House is the President's residence. It belongs to and is furnished by the Government.

Inland by the Government.

Inland Boy. You can only get a position on a vessel by coming down to some seaport and shipping as a "raw hand"—not a very desirable position for any person who can do anything else. A common sailor leads, at best, but a dog's life. He is the mere slave of the master and mates. Wo advise you by all means to learn a good trade, and not to think of the see.

Mrs. Y. G. A very good desk paste is made by taking three ounces of soft water, one ounce of gumarable, and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Dissolve by heat, and bottle for use. The glycerine prevents it from spoiling by "souring."

prevents it from spoiling by "souring."

Miss Grace G. You can wear white for the ceremony, and resume your mourning afterward, if you do not wish to take it off so soon after your mother's death. Or, you can wear a traveling-dress of lavender, with white gloves, collar, cuffs and ribbons, laying them aside before you start upon your journey.

Oskosh Chap. Olive Logan is Mrs. Wirt Sikes. She did not write the novel "Met By Chance," and the Oskosh man therein introduced, we are told, was "drawn from life," although we cannot give names. We see in it no linel nor caricature. It was meant for a clever characterization, and is such. Your lady friend is needlessly concerned. You can write, if you see proper, through us.

Ellen West. We hardly know what a "copyist"

ELLEN WEST. We hardly know what a "copyist for a paper is." To prepare copy for the compositor demands an editor's ability. To set type is not an editor's work, but a printer's or compositor's. Your chirography is very plain, but when you use the word except for accept you show that you are not skilled in the knowledge of words.

T. P. S. The largest trees are the great conflore.

not skilled in the knowledge of words.

T. P. S. The largest trees are the great conifers in California—some of which are thirty feet in diameter and over two hundred feet in hight. The telegraph ocean cables are of about 2% inches in diameter, the conducting rod being imbedded in this cable. There are no hotes in the carle. It is solidly woven. Dispatches pass east and west almost simultaneously.

most simultaneously.

ODDS AND ENDS asks: "How many whales he will have to eat before he can command the amount of brains necessary to write good poetry?" A great many men of brains cannot write poetry?" A great many men of brains cannot write poetry at all. Poetry is as much a matter of feeing as of brains, and depends very little indeed upon acquired qualities. It is true, that "the poet is born, not made." You seem to have very good perceptions of what poetle expression is, but don't always reach it.

OSCAR E. N. Moody and Sankey don't propose to hold "samp-meetings," but to preach in the largest lecture rooms or assembly buildings in the great cities. The first camp-meetings in America were held in 1707 by two Baptist ministers, the Rev. Samuel Harris and the Rev. James Reed, who preached in that part of Virginia between the Rappahannock and James rivers.

Hugh Fay, Brooklyn, asks: "Is it proper for a

preached in that part of Virginia between the Rappahannock and James rivers.

Hugh Fay, Brooklyn, asks: "Is it proper for a young gentleman to ask a young lady it he may call upon her, or should he wait for an invitation? Do you think \$12 a week sufficient to support a wife on? What do you think of my writing?" If a gentleman is upon pleasant terms of acquaintanceship with a lady, there is no impropriety in his preferring a request to be allowed to call upon her. We should say \$12 a week was a most insufficient sum to support a wife, if you pay either rent or board; and, even if free from those items of expense, a very small one. If you are energetic and industrious you will rapidly make advancement to a more paying position; meanwhile you can live as prudently as possible, and perhaps be saving something toward the time when you desire to support a wife. You write a very nice hand and pleusing letter, though you might still beneficially study up a little on orthography.

Major D. E. G. It is no uncommon thing to see quite young men becoming baid. We much question the efficacy of any of the advertised bot on

quite young men becoming baid. We much question the efficacy of any of the advertised lot in unquents and excitants. This item seems to any unquents and excitants. This item seems to suggest a remedy: A gentleman, who had lost nearly all his hair atter a very severe attack of fever, consulted a French physician of great reputed success as a hair restorer. The prescription given him was a drachm of the homospathic functure of phosphorus to one ounce of castor oil; the bare spot to to rubbed with this mixture three times weekly for half an hour each time, after the skin of the head had been thoroughly cleansed with warm water without soap. The treatment was faithfully carried out about six months; the hair soon began to grow, and in a year from the time of first following the doctor's advice, his head was as thoroughly covered as ever, the new crop of hair being about two shades darker than the oid.

Soldier of the Line. We do not think the ex-

two shades darker than the old.

Soldier of the Line. We do not think the exact date of the introduction of artillery is known. In the battle of Cres.y. A. D. 1346, Edward III., it is declared, used four cannon, but we have no account of the invention previous to that date. Bombs were soon after introduced, showing that artillery was well understood. Cannons certainly were employed in Germany in warfare early in the century. There now is a piece of ordnance in Amberg stamped with the date 1303. Old Roger Bacon (who died a. D. 1292) well understood the properties of gunpowder.

Gipsy Gowen. There are gipsigs of the real for

GIPSY GOWER. There are gipsies, of the real Bo-Girsy Gowen. There are gipsies, of the real Bo-hemian race, in this country. Where the race sprung from no one can tell. In the fifteenth cen-tury they first made their appearance in Western Europe, under a leader who styled himself the Duke of Lower Egypt—hence their name gipsies. For-tune-telling and thieving was then, as it still is, their chief occupations. They are now scattered all over Europe. They have a distinct language, and are, essentially, heathen—having no religion. In this country they are the same vagabond race as in Europe—a worthless excrescence on society.

In Europe—a worthless excrescence on society.

SKIDMORE SIM, New York, writes: "I expect to officiate as groomsman at a wedding where I shall be but slightly acquainted with the oride; as I intend sending her a present that will arrive about the time the ceremony takes place, which would be the proper way of insorting the address, the lady's maiden name or her name to be? What complimentary term might I with good taste write on my card which will be attached to the present?" Address the present to Miss —. The better taste will be the attaching of your visiting card without any other inscription.

Makion D. D. Shrewsbury. The "newest French

any other inscription.

Marton D. D., Shrewsbury. The "newest French boanet shape" is called the "Titiens," and is worn with face trimmings for married ladies, and without for young ladies. It comes in felt, and felt hats trimmed with velvet and the new soft silks—twilled, brillantine, or dumusse—take the lead of sil others. You can get a felt nat in any shade of plain colors, from black to white—browns, plums, blues, grays, fawn, leather, cameo, papier, or cream. Hats are quite large, and all worn far off the head. The "newest color" in felt, velvet, silk and ribbon is Russian blue, a bluish dark drab.

ARDERT ADMIRER, St. Louis. All depilatories or

ARDENT ADMIRER, St. Louis. All depilatories or preparations for removing superfluous hair from the skin are more or less dangerous to use. Of necessity to effect the desired object they must be powerful, and unless very carefully applied, and thoroughly removed, will make the skin very sore. Never apply them when there is any abrasion of the skin. Procure from your druggist one drachm of crystalized hydro-sulpnuret of sodium, ten drachms of finely-powdered quicklime, and eleven drachms of pulverized staron. Mix in a powder. For use, make a paste with a teaspoonful of the powder and lukewarm water. Apply to the skin, to longer than three minutes. Wash off thoroughly with clear warm water. Apply to only a small surface at one time. Keep the powder dry. ARDENT ADMIRER, St. Louis. All depilatories or

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

MAGDALEN,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Down the dark street, in the swift-falling snow, Wanders a woman with eyes full of woe;
White is her face in the desolate night;
Oh, would to God that her soul was as white!
Hither and thither she roams, while the storm
Smites cruel hands on her shivering form; Young as the years go, with sorrow so old, Homeless and friendless, and out in the cold.

Sometimes she stops where a light glimmers far Into the darkness, as thought 't were a star; She sees the warm fires ablaze on the hearth, And hears, like one dreaming, the music and mirth which belongs to a world that is further away From the world that she lives in, than darkness from day.

And she thinks, when these glimpses of sweet home are given,
The gates are ajar, and she sees into Heaven.

She shrinks from the sight, as if struck by a blow, When she sees a warm kiss on a face pure as snow, And she shivers and means in the storm of the night, And wanders away from the woe-mocking sight. For the outcast like her, there's no home but the

street.

No kind words, no pity, no kisses to meet.

Homeless and triendless, and wild with her pain,

She turns and is lost in the shadow again.

Out in the cold, but the cold of the streets Chills not her heart like the faces she meets. Women who weep for such woes, at the play, Pass her with scorn in their eyes every day. Men pass her by with a smile and a sneer; She's nothing to hope for, and all things to fear. Ah! but the wolf of destruction is bold, and the outcasts are well who are such as the contests of the such as the same of the sa And the outcasts are weak who are out in the cold.

Oh, women and men, how your tender hearts stir With pity to hear of an outcast like her. But you meet her next day, and the sight of her

woe Is as little to you as the last fall of snow. Little wonder she's lost when you help thrust her

down
In the swift-rushing river of ruin to drown.
Ah, look to it, look to it, women and men,
And remember your Christ, and the poor Magdalen!

Erminie:

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XV.

"AFTER MANY DAYS." "I will paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun."
—Browning.

And ten years passed away. It was a jocund morning in early spring From the pine woods came the soft twittering of innumerable birds, filling the air with melody; while the soft, fragrant odor of the tall, swinging pines came floating on every passing breeze. The sun rose in unclouded splendor above the dark tree-tops, and the bright waves of the Chesapeake danced and flashed in the golden rays. No sound broke the deep, profound stillness of the wide, dry moor; no living thing, save now and then some solitary bird that skimmed along over the fern, was to be seen. Far away in every direction nothing met the eye but the blue, unclouded sky above, and the bleak, arid barrens below, that lay hot and dry in the glare of the morning sunshine.

Suddenly the sylvan silence of the spot was broken by the clear, sweet notes of a hunting horn, that startled the echoes far and near, and the next moment the forms of a horse and rider came dashing over the moor.

The horse was a splendid animal, a small, jet-black Arabian, with graceful, tapering limbs, arching neck, flowing mane, and small, erect head, and bright, flery eyes. His rider was a young girl of some twelve years, who sat her horse like an Arab hunter, and whose dark, unique style of beauty merits a wider

was very slight and rather tall for her age; but with a finely proportioned figure, displayed now to the best advantage by her wellfitting riding habit—which consisted of a skirt of dark-green cloth, a tight basque of black of dark-green cloth, a tight basque of dark-green cloth cloth cloth cloth cloth cloth cloth cloth cloth clot velvet. Her face was thin and dark and somewhat elfish, but the olive skin was smooth as satin, and deepening with deepest crimson in the thin cheeks and lips. Her forehead was low, broad, and polished; her saucy little nose decid edly retroussee; her teeth like pearls, and her hands and feet perfect. And then her eyessuch great, black, lustrous, glorious eyes, through which at times a red light shone—such splendid eyes, vailed by long, jetty, silker lashes, and arched by glossy black eyebrows smooth and shining as water-leeches—eyes full of fun, frolic, freedom, and dauntless daringeyes that would haunt the memory of holder for many a day. Her hair, "woman's crowning glory," was of intensest blackness, and clustered in short, dancing curls round and clustered in short, dancing face. In the shade those curls were of midnight darkness, but in sunshine, red rings of fire shone through like tiny circlets of flame. She wore a small, black velvet hat, whose long sable plume just touched her warm, crimson cheek.

Such was the huntress, who with a pistol-stuck in her belt, a little rifle swung across her shoulder, dashed along over the moor, holding the bridle lightly in one hand, and swinging jauntily, a silver-mounted riding whip in the

As she reached the center of the moor, she reined in her horse so suddenly that he nearly reared upright, and then, lifting her little silver bugle again to her lips, she blew a blast that echoed in notes of clearest melody far over the heath.

This time her signal was answered—a loud shout from a spirited voice met her ear, and in another instant another actor appeared upon

He, too, was mounted, and rode his horse well. He was a tall, slender stripling of about fifteen, and in some ways not unlike the girl He had the same dark complexion, the same flery black eyes and hair; but there all resemce ceased. The look of saucy drollery on her face was replaced on his by a certain fierce pride—an expression at once haughty and dar-He was handsome exceedingly, with regular, classical features, a perfect form, and had that mark of high birth, the small and exquisitely-shaped ear, and thin curving nostril. Erect he sat in his saddle, like a young prince of the blood.

Bon matin, Monsieur Raymond!" shouted the girl, as he gallantly raised his cap and let the morning breeze lift his dark locks. thought the sun would not find you in bed the first morning after your return home. How

does your serene highness find yourself?" 'In excellent health and spirits. I'm very much obliged to you—as our friend Mr. Toosypegs would say," answered Master Raymond, for he it is, as he laughingly rode up beside

"Where's Ranty?" "In bed. That fellow's as lazy as sin, and would rather lie there, sleeping like some old grampus, than enjoy a ride over the hills the finest morning that ever was."

sleeping?' said Raymond How do I know?" said the girl, in a high key, gatting somewhat indignant. well they are? Doesn't Miss Toosypegs, when she's talking about Orlando sleeping the morning, always say he's 'snoring like a grampus?' and if Miss Priscilla doesn't know that's been to England, and every place else, I would like to know who does!'

"Well, I've been to England, too," said Raymond

"Yes, and a great deal of good it's done you!" said the young lady, contemptuously But that's the way always. Ever since Ranty and you went to college, you've got so stuck up, and full of Latin and Greek, and stuff, there's no standing either of you. Last night, Ranty had to go and ask aunt Deb for the bootjack in Latin, and when she couldn't understand him, he went round kicking the cat and my nine beautiful kittens, in the most awful manner that ever was; and swearing at her in Greek—the hateful wretch!"

And Miss Petronilla Lawless scowled at Raymond, who laughed outright. "Oh! come now, Pet, don't be angry!" he

said. "Where's the use of quarreling the very first morning we meet. "Quarreling!" repeated Miss Pet, shortly "I'm sure I don't want to quarrel; but you're so aggravating. Boys always are just the

"Most hateful, Miss Lawless," amended Raymond, gravely. "There's a great deal of good sense but bad grammar in that sentence I don't like boys myself half so well as I do girls—for instance, you're worth a dozen of

Yes; you say so now, when Ranty ain't listening; but if you wanted to go off on some mischief or other, I guess you would-n't think of me. But that's the way I'm always treated, pitched round like an old shoe, without even daring to say a word for my

This melancholy view of things, more par ticularly the idea of Miss Pet's not having a "word to say for herself," struck Raymond as so inexpressibly ludicrous, that he gave vent to a shout of laughter.

Yes, you may laugh!" said Pet, indignantly; "but it's true, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, making fun of people in this way. I am not going to stand being imposed upon much longer, either! If Miss Priscilla keeps snubbing and putting down Mr. Toosypegs all the time, that ain't no reason why I'm to be snubbed and put down too—is

"Why, Pet, what's the matter with you this morning?" exclaimed Raymond. "I never knew you so cross; has the judge scolded you, or have you bagged no game, or has your pony

cast a shoe, or-"No, none of them things has happened!" broke in Pet, crossly. "I suppose you'd keep on or, or, or-ing till doomsday, if I let you! I is worse still, and I wouldn't mind much if shot me on the spot!" said Pet, in a tone of such deep desperation that Raymond looked at

her in real alarm.
"Why, Pet, what has happened?" he inquired, anxiously. "Nothing really serious, I

hope."
"Yes, it is really serious. I'm going to be sent to school—there now!" said Pet, as near crying as an elf could be.

'Oh! is that all?" said Raymond, immeasur ably relieved. "Well, I don't see anything so very dreadful in that."

"Don't you, indeed?" exclaimed Pet, with flashing eyes. "Well, if there's anything more dreadful, I'd like to know what it is! To be cooped up in a great dismal dungeon of a schoolhouse from one year's end to t'other, ing leave first. I won't go, either, if I die for

"And so you'll grow up and not kn from a cow's horn," said Raymond. "I am sure you need to go bad enough."

"I don't used it, either!" angrily retorted wish you could see how beautifully I can make some of the letters!"

"Oh! I saw a specimen yesterday—Minnie showed it to me-looked as if a hen had dipped her foot in an ink-bottle and clawed it over the

Why, you horrid, hateful, sassyloned, impertinent young man!" interrupted Raymond. "There! I've helped you out with it. And now look here, Pet, how do wife, some day, if you don't learn something Why, when we are married, you'll have to make your mark!"

whip!" exclaimed Pet, flourishing it in dangerous proximity to his head. "Your wife, indeed! I guess not! I'm to be a President's lady some day, Aunt Deb says. Catch me marrying you!'

"Well, that will be your loss. Where is the judge going to send you?"
"Why, he says to the Sacred Heart; but I

I'd a heap sooner go to Miss Pet. ain't gone yet! Judestown, with Minnie, to that school where all the boys and girls go together. Oh, Ray! down-stairs now. Do hurry, Lucy. Miss Law-there are just the nicest boys ever was there less will soon be starved, if you keep on so -'specially one with the beautifulest red slowly!' cheeks, and the loveliest bright buttons on his coat ever you seen!"

And Pet's eyes sparkled at the recollection. look by any means so delighted as Pet fancied

he should. all as yellow as the yolk of an egg ever since gers at Pet Lawless, who, swinging her riding he had the ja'nders, he'd be real pretty. But hat in one hand and her whip in the other I'm getting hungry, Ray. I'll race you to the cottage, and bet you anything I'll beat

"Done!" cried Ray, catching the excitement now sparkling in the dark, brilliant face of doing ample justice to Lucy's morning meal. the little fay beside him; and crushing his cap down over his thick curls, he bounded after her as she dashed away.

But Pet was better mounted, and the best rider of the two; and a ringing, triumphant laugh came borne tantalizingly to his ears as she distanced him by full twenty yards, and pegs, and his friend, Admiral Havenful, the galloped up to the little white cottage on the

"Fairly beaten!" he said, laughing, as he sprung off. "I am forced to own myself conquered, though I hate to do it." Though he laughed, his look of intense mor

tification showed how galling was defeat. "Ahem! and how do you expect to be raised to the dignity of my husband some day, if you don't learn to ride better? Why, when we're married, I'll have to give you lessons! said Pet, demurely; though her wicked eyes

their long lashes.
"Oh, I see!" said Ray, gayly. "Poetical justice, eh? Paying me in my own coin? Well, if you can beat me in riding, you can't in anything else!

were twinkling with irrepressible fun under

"How do you know grampuses are fond of "Just you try target-shooting, or pulling a stroke oar with me, and you'll see! where they teach you the Greek for bootjack ain't the best places for learning them sort of things, I reckon!"

The thunder of horse's hoofs had by this time brought another personage to the stage. It was Erminie—"sweet Erminie," the little beauty, and heiress of a princely fortune and estate

The promise of Erminie's childhood had been more than fulfilled. Wondrously lovely she was! How could the child of Lord Ernest Villiers and Lady Maude Percy be otherwise? She had still the same snowy skin of her in fancy, softly and brightly tinged with the most delicate pink on the rounded cheeks; her face was perfectly oval, and almost transparent her eyes were of the deepest, darkest violet hue; her long curls, that reached nearly to her waist, were like burnished gold, and the snow white forehead and tapering limbs were perfect. In spite of the difference between them, though one was dark and impetuous, the other fair and gentle, yet there was a resemblance between Raymond and Erminie. You could see it most plainly when they smiled; it was the smile of Lady Maude that lit up both faces with that strange, nameless beauty.

"Oh, Pet! I'm so glad you've come!" she joyfully exclaimed. "Guess who's here?" "Who? Ranty?" said Pet.
"No, indeed. Mr. Toosypegs. He heard

Ray was come, and rode over this morning to

"Oh, I must see Mr. Toosypegs!" exclaimed Ray, laughing, as he bounded past the two girls, and sprung into the house.

It was a neat, pleasant little sitting-room with white-muslin blinds in the windows, that were already darkened with vines; clean, straw matting on the floor, and chairs, table, and eiling fairly glistening with cleanliness. There was a wide fireplace opposite the door, filled with fragrant pine-boughs, and sitting in a low rocking-chair of Erminie's, in the corner, was our old friend, Mr. O. C. Toosypegs, perfectly unchanged in every respect since we

"Why, Mr. Toosypegs, how do you do? hope you have been quite will since I saw you last?" cried the spirited voice of Ray, as he grasped Mr. Toosypegs' hand and gave it a

"Thank you, Master Raymond, I've been quite well, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosypegs, wriggling faintly in his grasp. "So is Miss Toosypegs, so is Aunt Bob, and all the rest of the family—I'm very much obliged to you

Dogs and all, I hope, Orlando?" said Pet, "Yes, Miss Pet, the dogs are quite well, I'm

obliged to you. I hope you feel pretty well "No, I ain't, then. I'm not well at all. I've been in a state of mind all the week, and

there's no telling how long it may last. "Good gracious! you don't say so!" said the alarmed Mr. Toosypegs. "It's not anything dangerous, I hope?"
"Well, people generally think the small-pox

is dangerous!" began Pet, with a sort of gloomy sternness, when she was interrupted by Mr 'oosypegs, who, seizing his hat, rushed to the door, shrieking out:
"The small-pox! Oh, my gracious! Why,

Miss Pet, how could you go to come here, and give it to us all like this? Good gracious! for to think of being all full of holes like a potato-steamer!" said Mr. Toosypegs, wiping the cold perspiration off his face.

But the small-pox ain't no circumstance to my trouble," went on Pet, as if she hadn't heard him. "I'm going to be sent to school!" "Come back, Mr. Toosypegs; she hasn't got the small-pox," said Ray, laughing. "There is not the slightest danger, I assure you. Pet

vas only using an illustration that time. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, dropping into a chair and wiping his face with his handkerchief, "if you didn't pretty near scare the life out of me!'

riding-whip. "I'm apt to astonish people now

"I should think so," said Ray. "Do you remember the night she coaxed you out sailing with her, Mr. Toosypegs, and upset the boat; and then added insult to injury by pulling you on shore by the hair of your head? That was an awful trick, Pet.'

"I haven't got it out of my bones yet," said out with it. And now look here, Pet, how do you expect to be raised to the dignity of my pected such treatment from Miss Pet, I'm sure, and I don't know what I had ever done to deserve it.

Well, don't be mad, Orlando. I'll never 'I've a good mind to do that now with my do it again," said Pet, in a deeply-penitent tone. "But, I say, Minnie, when are we going to have breakfast? I've an awful appetite this

"In a moment, Hurry, Lucy," said Erminie, as she entered the room. "I was just up-stairs, bringing grandmother

"Hem! How is the old lady?" inquired

"As well as usual. She hardly ever comes

"Lor' sakes! I is hurryin', Miss Minnie," said Lucy, as she bustled in, drew out a small, round table, laid the cloth, and prepared to "Who is he?" said Raymond, who did not arrange the breakfast-service. "Spect dat ar little limb t'inks folks ought to git up de night afore, to have breakfast ready time 'null' for "His name's Bobby Brown; and only he's her," muttered Lucy to herself, looking daggers at Pet Lawless, who, swinging her riding watched Lucy's motions with a critical eye. Erminie, with her sunny face and ready hands, assisted in the arrangements; and soon the whole party were assembled round the table,

And while they were thus engaged, I shall claim your patience for a moment, dear reader, while we cast a brief retrospective glane over the various changes that have occurred during those ten years.

By the kind care of good-natured Mr. Toosygipsy Ketura had been amply provided for As Raymond and Erminie grew up, they had been sent to Judestown to school, with the children of Judge Lawless, whose daughter Miss Pet, has already been introduced to the The dark, gloomy recluse, Ketura, was an object of dread and dislike to the neigh borhood around. She shunned and avoided them, lived her own inward life independent of them all, and was therefore hated by them And when, about a year previous to the present time, she received a severe paralytic stroke, from the effects of which she never

however, a favorite with all, and so was the

bold, bright, high-spirited Raymond, to whom

the somewhat eccentric old Admiral Havenful

father, the judge, stormed and threatened her with all sorts of calamities. Pet, metaphysically speaking, snapped her finger in the face of all authority; and the more they wanted her to go, the more she wouldn't, though she did offer to do her best to learn if they would let her go with Ray and Ranty. But gaiters were things forbidden inside the college gates; and besides Ranty very ungallantly protested that all girls in general, and "our Pet" in particular, were nothing but "pests," and that he wouldn't have her near him at any price. Master Ranty Lawless did not like the female persuasion, and once gruffly announced that his idea of heaven was, a place where boys could do as they liked, and where there were no girls. So as Pet had no mother to look afer her, and queened it over the servants at home, she grew p pretty much as she liked, and was noted far and near as the wildest, maddest, skip-over-the-moon madcap that ever threw a peaceable community into convul-This much being premised, it is only necessary to say that Ray and Ranty had returned from college for a few months' vacation, the lay previous to the commencement of this

chapter, and then go on with our story.
"When is Miss Priscilla coming over, Mr.
Toosypegs?" asked Erminie, as she filled for the third time his cup with fragrant, golden

"'Morrer evening," replied Mr. Toosypegs, speaking with his mouth full; "she's going oring you a parcel of muslin things to work

The collar and caps she was speaking of, guess," said Erminie, with her pleasant smile "How in the world, Ermie," exclaimed Pet,
do you find time to work for everybody? I

never saw you a moment idle yet."
"Well, it is pleasanter to be doing something," said Erminie; "and besides, Miss Priscilla can't do fine sewing, her eyes are so weak you know. I can't bear to sit still and do no thing: I like to sew, or read, or something.

Ugh! sewing is the most horrid thing," said Pet, with a shrug; "I don't mind reading a pretty story to pass time now and then; but to sit down and go stitch—stitch—stitching, for hours steady—well, I know I'd soon be in a strait-jacket if I tried it, that's all! I was reading a real nice book the other night." "What was it?" asked Ray. "I should like

to see the book you would like to read."
"Well, there ain't many I like, but, oh! this one was ever so nice. It was all about a hateful old Jew who lent money to a man that wanted to go somewhere a-courting; and then this Jew wanted to cut off a pound of his flesh, to eat, I expect—the nasty old cannibal! And then this lady, I forget her name, came and dressed herself up in man's clothes, and got him—the fellow who went courting, ow-off somewheres. Oh, it was splen did! I'll lend you the book, sometime, Min-

"Why, it must have been the 'Merchant of Venice' you read," said Ray, "though such a jumbled up account of it as that, I never heard. I'll go over for the book to-morrow and read it

to Min, if she cares about hearing it. Before Erminie could reply, a surprised ejaculation from Pet made her turn quickly round. Ray's eyes wandered in the same direction, while Mr. Toosypegs sprung from his seat in terror; thereby badly scalding himself with the hot coffee, at the sight which met his astonish

CHAPTER XVI.

MASTER RANTY. und of oddity, frolic and fun

A LITTLE, old, decrepit woman, bent double with age, leaning on a staff, and shaking with palsy, stood as suddenly before them as if she glish. had sprung up through the earth. Her dress was the most astonishing complication of rags that ever hung together on a human back before. A long, old-fashioned cloak that, a hundred years before, had probably been all the rage, swept behind her; and as it trailed along, seemed in imminent danger of throwing the unfortunateold lady over her own head, every minute. A brown, sun-burned face, half hidden in masses of coarse, gray hairs, peered wildly out; and from under a pair of bushy. overhanging, gray eyebrows, gleamed two keen, needle-like eyes, as sharp as two-edged This singular individual wore a las not. stilettoe.

over the crown, and tied under the chin Altogether, the little, stooping, unearthlylooking crone was one of the most singular

sights that mortal eyes ever beheld. So completely amazed were the whole assembly that for some five minutes they stood staring in silent wonder at this unexpected and most startling apparition. The little old if it's all the same to you." woman, steadying herself with some difficulty on her cane, shaded her eyes with one rand.

and peered at them with her sharp eyes. "Don't be afeard, pretty ladies and gentlemen," said the little old lady, in a shrill, sharp falsetto. "I won't hurt none o' you, ef you behave yourselves. I guess I may come in?" tle owner of the extraordinary head-dress hobbled in, and composedly dumped herself down into the rocking-chair Mr. Toosypegs had late-

the witches, does this mean!" exclaimed Pet,

first recovering her presence of mind.
"It means that I'll take some breakfas', if you'll bring it down, Miss," said the little old woman, laying her formidable-looking stick across her lap; and favoring the company, one and all, with a prolonged stare from her keen,

Well, now, that's what I call cool," said Pet, completely taken aback by the old wo-man's sang froid. "Perhaps your ladyship tiently with: will be condescending enough to sit over here and help yourself!"

rather have it here, if it's all the same to you.

young gal wouldn't mind bringing it here, she added, looking at the astounded Erminie. Roused out of her trance of astonishment, not unmingled with terror, by claims of hospitality, Erminie hastened to comply; and she might bring the roof down about our fully recovered, very little sorrow was felt or expressed. Sweet, gentle little Erminie was, placing a cup of fragrant coffee and some buttered waffles on a light waiter, placed it on a

chair within the old woman's reach. That small individual immediately fell to, raised her finger, and pointed it, like a pistol, "Can't I, though?" said Pet, deflantly. took such a fancy that he insisted on sending with an alacrity quite astonishing, considering at the trembling head of Mr. O. C. Toosypegs.

him to college with his nephew, Ranty, or her size and age; and coffee and waffles in a remarkably short space of time were "among

Randolph Lawless. To college, therefore, the boys went; and Erminie remained at the Barthe things that were, but are no longer." "Thankee, young 'oman, that was very nice," said the old woman, drawing out a rens, and went every fine day to Judestown to the district school, sometimes, but very nice," said the old woman, drawing out a rarely, accompanied by Pet Lawless; for that flaming yellow cotton pocket-handkerchief, wild young lady voted schools and schooland wiping her mouth, as a sign she had finteachers and "Committee men," unmitigated ished; "my appetite ain't so good as it used to bores, all, and preferred her own "sweet will" be; I reckon that'll do for the present. What's and her pony Starlight to suffering through "readin', writin' and refmetic." In vain her "Little after midnight," said Pet.

"Humph! I reckon you're trying to poke fun at me, Miss Pet Lawless; but no good ever omes of telling lies. Have ye ever heard tell on Annanias and Sapphira?" asked the old woman, turning sharply on Pet.

"Whew! ghosts, and goblins, and warlocks! She knows my name!" whistled Pet, in

"Yes; I know more about you than I want to know," said the little old woman, with

"Well, you ain't the only one in that plight, if that's any consolation," said Pet,

"Do you know who I am, too?" said Ray. "Yes, I've heern tell on you," said the old

'And no good either, I'll be bound!" said

"Well, no; sence you say it, I never did hear any good of him," said the old woman, taking out a huge snuff-box, and composedly helping herself to a pinch.

"What did you hear about me, mother?" said Ray, laughing, as he shook his curly black locks.

Well, I heard you was a noisy, disagreeable, fightin' character; allus a-kickin' up a row with somebody, and forever a-tormentin' of that nice young gentleman, Master Ranty Lawless, who is a brother of that little yeller gal over there, and worth a dozen like her!"

said the little old woman, with asperity. "Well, upon my word, if that ain't polite, not to say complimentary," said Pet, drawing a long breath. "'Little yeller gall' Good

"Well, you ain't white, you know," said the old woman—who, whatever her other infirmities might be, was certainly not deaf. "Youre rayther of the tawniest, as everybody what's got eyes can see for themselves. It's a pity you ain't good-looking, like your brother Ranty; I don't think I ever saw a pret-

tier young man nor he is, in my life." "Why, you hateful old thing!" burst out Pet, indignantly; losing all her customary respect for old age in these unflattering remarks. "I ain't tawny; and I am pretty—I just am! and I'm not going to believe anybody that says anything else. If you and everybody else thinks I'm ugly, it's all your bad taste! Ranty prettier than me! Likely story!" said

Pet, between contempt and indignation Well, look what a nice white skin he has!" said the old woman, with whom Master Ranty

appeared to be an immense favorite. "White skin! bleached saffron, more like!" exclaimed Pet; "if our Ranty's good-looking, I guess he keeps his beauty in his pocket; for nobody but you ever discovered it. Humph! 'Little yeller gall' I vow, it's enough to provoke a saint!" exclaimed Pet, in a higher key,

at the remembrance of this insult. "May we ask the name of the lady who has favored us with her company this morning?" said Ray, at this point, bowing to the old wo-

man with most ceremonious politeness.
"Yes, you may, young man," said the old lady, with a sharp asperity that seemed rather uncalled for; "it's a name I ain't never ashamed of, and that's more'n some folks can say. I'm Goody Two-Shoes; and if you don't like it, you may lump it." And the shrill falsetto rose an octave higher, as she gave the snuffbox a furious tap on the lid.

"A mighty pretty name," remarked Pet. "And we like it, exceedingly," said Ray; though, if we didn't, what awful meaning lies hidden under the mysterious phrase of 'lumping it'? I confess, it passes my comprehension. Perhaps, my dear madam, you would be good enough to translate it from the original Greek, to which language I should judge it belongs, and let us know its import in the vulgar tongue, commonly called plain En-

"Young man!" exclaimed the beldame, facing sharply round, "I dare say you think it mighty amusing to keep poking fun at me which shows all the broughten up ever you had, to go showing no respect to people what's in their old ages of life. But if you think sich onchristian conduct"—here the sharp voice rose to the shrillest possible treble-"will go onpunished on this airth, or in the airth to come, you're very much deceived, young man: let me tell you that! I have power, though you mayn't think so, and could turn you into a cracked jug, or a mustard-pot, just as easy

man's old beaver hat on her head, which was forcibly retained on that palsy-shaking member by a scarlet bandanna handkerchief passed pearance you'd make, Ray, as a mustard-pot!"

said Pet, bursting into a fit of laughter.
"Why, my dear madam, I hadn't the slightest idea of 'poking fun' at you, as you elegantly expressed it," said Ray, looking deeply persecuted and patient; "and as to being turned into a cracked jug, or a mustard-pot, I think I would rather retain my present shape,

"Take care, then, how you rouse my wrath," said the old woman, with a second, which was unfortunately lost in a succe of short, sharp sneezes, as her pinch of snuff went the wrong way. "I'm a patient wowent the wrong way. man; but I can't stand everything. I'm used to be treated with respect. Where I came And suiting the action to the word, the lit- from, no such conduct was ever heard tell

"It's a warm climate there-ain't it?" insinuated Pet, meekly. "Humph! there's some inference in that, if Now, what in the name of Hecate and all a body only could make it out," grunted the old woman; "anyways, I was always treated

with respect there, young 'oman; which I'd advise you to remember, for you need it." "Now, who would think the little demons would treat the old one with respect?" said Pet, musingly, but in an exceedingly audible "I never knew they were so polite down there, before.'

"Young woman," began Goody, with kindling eyes, when Pet interrupted her impa-"Look here, now, old Goody Two-Shoes, I

d help yourself!"
ain't a young woman, and I never intend to be; and I'd thank you not to keep calling me out of my name. I'm Miss Petronilla Law-less, and if it's not too much trouble, I'd feel I ain't as smart as I used to was; and don't less, and if it's not too much trouble, I'd flike to be getting up much. Perhaps t'other grateful to you if you'd call me so. There "Good gracious! Miss Pet, take care!" whis-pered Mr. Toosypegs, who, gray with terror,

> heads, and kill us all, if you angered her.' "Who is that young man?" said the old woman, in an appalling voice, as she slowly

had been all this time crouching out of sight,

"Young man, come over here," solemnly said the beldame, keeping her long finger pointed, as if about to take aim, and never removing her chain-lightning eyes from the pallid physiognomy of the unhappy Mr. Toosy-

pegs.
"Go, Horlander," said Pet, giving him an encouraging push. "Bear it like a man; encouraging push. "Bear it like a man; which means, hold up your head, and take your finger out of your mouth, like a good I'll stick to you to the last."

With chattering teeth, trembling limbs, bristling hair, and terror-stricken face, Mr. Toosypegs found himself standing before the ancient sibyl, by dint of a series of pushes from the encouraging hand of Pet.

'Young man, wouldst thou know the future?" began the old woman, in a deep, stern,

"I—I—I—I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Two-Shoes," replied poor Mr. Toosypegs. "It's real kind of you, I'm sure, and—"

'Vain mortal, spare thy superfluous thanks,' interrupted the mysterious one, with a wave of her hand. "Dark and terrific is the doom Fate has in store for thee—a doom so dreadful that dogs will cease to bark, the stars in the firmament hold their breath, and even the poultry in the barnyard turn pale to hear it. Woe to thee, unhappy man! Better for thee somebody else had a millstone tied round his neck, and were plunged into the middle of a that day.'

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the horrorstricken Mr. Toosypegs, wiping the cold drops of perspiration off his face, as the sibyl flour-ished her snuff-box in the air, as if invoking you his wife—which is a blessing you ought to kindred spirits to come to her aid.
"Sublime peroration!" exclaimed Ray,

laughing inwardly. "Live to see what day?" inquired Pet, whose curiosity was aroused. "The day he

gets married, maybe."
"Awful will be the results that will follow that day," went on the seeress, scowling darkly at the irreverent Pet. "Tremendous clouds will flash vividly through the sky, the blinding thunder will show itself in all the colors of a dying dolphin, and a severe rain-storm will probably be the result. On thyself, oh, unhappiest of mortals, terrific will be the effects it will produce! These beautiful snuff-colored freckles will shake to their very center; these magnificent whiskers, which, I perceive, in two or three places show symptoms of sprouting, will wither away in dread, like the grass which perisheth. This courageous form, brave as a lion, which has never yet quailed before face. man or ghost, will be rent in twain like a mountain in a gale of wind; and an attack of influenza in your great toe will mercifully put stick, preparatory to starting. "I guess I an end to all your earthly agonies and troubles at once! Unhappy mortal, go! Thou hast heard thy doom.'

A more wretched and woebegone face than Mr. Toosypegs displayed, as he turned round, no earthly eye ever fell on before. Ray had turned to the window in convulsions of laugh

ter.

"I ain't well," said Mr. Toosypegs, mournfully, as he took up his hat. "I've got a pain somewhere, and I guess I'll go home. Goodmorning, Mrs. Two-Shoes. I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

And slowly and dejectedly Mr. Toosypegs

And slowly and dejectedly Mr. Toosypegs crushed his hat over his eyes, and turned his steps in the direction of Dismal Hollow.

Ranty Lawless stood revealed. (To be continued—commence 'Poor Horlander!" said Pet; "if he isn't

scared out of his wits, if he ever had any Say, Goody, won't you tell my fortune, too?"
"Come hither, scoffer," said the sibyl, with solemn sternness. "Appear, and learn the dark doom Destiny has in store for thee. Fate, that rules the fortunes of men as well as little yaller gals, will make you laugh on tother side of your mouth, one of these days."

"'Oh, Hamlet! what a falling off was there!" quoted Ray, laughing "What a short jump that was from the sublime! Don't pile on the agony too high, Mother Awful.'

Peace, irreverent mortal!" gaid Goody True Shoes, giving her snuff-box a solemn wave: peace, while I foretell the future fate of this tawny little mortal before me!" 'Well, if you ain't the politest old lady!'

ejaculated Pet. "But go on; I don't mind being called ugly, now. I'm getting used to it, and rather like it."

You'll never be drowned," began the sibyl, looking down prophetically in Pet's little dark Well, that's pleasant, anyway," said Pet.

"Because you were born to be hanged," went on the old woman, unheeding the inter-

Whew!" whistled Pet. "Your days are numbered-"

"Well, I never saw a number on one of em yet," interrupted the incorrigible Petro-

"Peace, scoffer!" exclaimed the beldame. "The fates disclose a speedy change in thy destiny." "I expect they do," said Pet; "for I'm go-

ing to be sent to school soon.' "Some dark torture is in store for you, an agony that nothing can alleviate, a nameless secret misery-

Perhaps it's the cholic," suggested Pet. "if it is, I ain't afraid; 'cause gin and water

'Silence, girl! and mock not destiny thus. At some future day, you will be a wife."
"Well, there ain't anything very wonderful
in that, I'm sure; I didn't need to be told that. You didn't expect I'd be an old maid-did

you?" said Pet 'I behold here," continued the seeress, peer ing into the little palm quite heedless of the interruption, "a miserable little hut, where thirteen red-haired children are playing, and a tawny woman, with a dirty face, in the

midst of them, is-" 'Spanking them all round!" interrupted Pet, eagerly. "If she isn't, it ain't me. Will you be silent?" vociferated the an-

cient prophetess, with increasing sharpness. fortune as thou dost! Don't withdraw your

travel much you'll see a good deal."
"Go 'way!" ejaculated Pet, incredulously. "And if you have a great deal of money you'll be rich.

'It ain't possible!" once more broke in the unbelieving Miss Lawless. ty old."

Now, who'd 'a' thought it." said Pet. "Leave me, wretched unbeliever!" said the old woman, flinging away Pet's hand, with angry disdain. "Leave me; but beware! I am where have I seen that face before? not to be mocked with impunity."

Neither am I," said Pet; "so I'm not go- the prairie, and in an Indian country? ing to believe a word about them thirteen redheaded children. A baker's dozen, too; as if and is lost; but I remember of no emigrant twelve wasn't enough! Poh! I ain't such a goose, Goody Two-Shoes."

"Well, wait, you misdirected, sunburned, unfortunate, turned-up-nosed misbeliever!" exclaimed the old virago, shaking her fist at Pet, in a rage. "Wait! And when my words come true, remember they were forefold by "Come, Comrade, we must give chase." Bounding into his saddle, the next moment Goody Two-shoes."

Well, I declare!" said Pet. "If I wasn't the patientest, best-tempered little girl in swiftly running steed ridden by the maiden. Maryland, I wouldn't put up with all this abuse. Not even my nose is allowed to escape; and it never injured you or anybody else in its life."

And Pet, with a deeply-wounded look, ran her finger along the insulted proboscis, as if to soothe its injured feelings.

"Will you tell my fortune, Mother Two-Shoes?" said Ray, turning round. "I am par-ticularly anxious to know the future." "Well, you needn't be, then," said Goody, snappishly; "for it has nothing good in store for a miserable scapegoat like you. I won't tell it; but I will tell that little gal's," pointing to Erminie, who all the time had been quietly looking on, not knowing whether to laugh or

gave me some breakfast; and 'one good turn deserves another,' as the Bible says. Give me your hand." Afraid of offending the ol | lady, Erminie

be afraid, and wholly puzzled by it all.

held it out. "You'll be rather a nice-looking young woman, if you don't grow up ugly," began the seer-ess, looking intently at the little white palm that lay in hers like a lily-leaf; "and will have some sense, if not more, unless you get beside yourself, as most young gals nowadays mostly frog-pond, than that thou shouldst live to see do. It's likely you'll be married to somebody, some time; very likely the first letter of his name will be Ranty Lawless, who, by that you his wife—which is a blessing you ought to pray for every day-don't forget to learn to make slap-jacks and Johnny-cake, two things that good youth is very fond of, as I am given to understand. As he will probably be away up there among the big-wigs in Congress every day, don't forget to give him your blessing and a paper of sandwiches every morning before he starts; and meet him at night, when he returns, with a smile on your lip and a cup of tea in your hand. By following these directions, an unclouded future will be yours, and you will probably be translated, at last, in a cloud of fire and brimstone, and your virtues inscribed on a pewter-plate, as an example for

"What an enviable fate, Erminie!" exclaimed Ray.

"Seems to me, old lady, our Ranty's a great bother to you," said Pet, suspiciously, as she fixed her bright, searching eyes keerly on her

"I always take an interest in nice youths," won't mind staying for dinner. I'll call some other day, thanke

"Not so fast, Goody Two-Shoes," exclaimed Ray, coolly catching the old woman by the collar. "I've discovered you, at last. 'Off, ye lendings."

And to the horror of Erminie, he grasped the cloak and tore it off, in spite of the vigorous struggles of the beldame. Then followed the hat, and red handkerchief, and the venerable gray locks; and Erminie stifled a scream as she fancied head and all was coming. The bushy gray eyebrows came off, too, and the bright, handsome, mischievous face of Master

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

The Prairie Rover:

THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE BORDER.

BY BUFFALO BILL, AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

western horizon, when the scout arrived at the motte, situated upon the banks of a small stream, and where years before a small outpost had been established, but which, alas! had met with a sad fate, as its occupants had all fallen beneath the tomahawk and scalpingknife of the red-men.

his eyes searchingly invading every covert, and his nerves strung for action, should there be an enemy ambushed within, he soon felt assured that Captain Raymond and his band had

He was preparing to stake Comrade out to feed upon the luxuriant grass, and had removed his saddle to better rest him, when there was a sound of something coming slowly through the underwood, but whether a buffalo, deer, or an enemy, he knew not.

Turning rapidly, he was about to replace his addle, when a horse and rider dashed suddenly upon the scene, and at the same moment former with a gaze of wondering surprise, the atter with a look of fear

The scout had seized his rifle and stood ready for action, but quickly the weapon was lowered, for before him, mounted upon a clean- us. limbed and thoroughbred-looking bay mare, was a young girl, scarcely eighteen years of

Her hair was black as the raven's plume, long, silken, and hung in massive braids down

her back and rested upon her horse. Her eyes were exceedingly large, lustrous, and with long, drooping lashes, while every feature was perfect, and the ruby lips, slight ly parted, showed the teeth as white as pearls. The complexion was that of a brilliant brunette, browned still deeper by the sun and wind, and in her cheeks glowed the hue of

She was attired in a closely-fitting ridinghabit of fashionable manufacture, of navy blue, trimmed with silver buttons, wore on he Terrible is the doom of those who scoff at hand gauntlet gloves, and a light, slouch hat, encircled by a silver cord, and shaded by a hand. It is here plainly revealed that if you rich, black ostrich feather, was upon her head, while her steed was equipped with a horse-hair bridle, immense silver bit, and side-saddle cov ered with buck-skin, ornamented with beads and quill-work.

Instinctively the scout raised his sombrero nbelieving Miss Lawless.

"And if you don't die, you'll live to be pret-maiden parted in a low order, her hand drew a silver-mounted pistol from a saddle-pocket. and away dashed the handsome mare, almost

"In Heaven's name, who is that girl, and What can she be doing here, alone upon Doubtless she belongs to some wagon-train,

"Who can she be? that's the question,

"At any rate I'll never discover by remaining here, and yonder she goes like mad across der of the prairie and hill-land, after which, under the cover of the following night, we foot, and directing their course upon the trail ing here, and yonder she goes like mad across

"Come, Comrade, we must give chase."
Bounding into his saddle, the next moment the scout was flying in full pursuit across the prairie, about three hundred yards behind the

"Come, Comrade, yonder light-heeled nag shows you the road, a thing no other animal on the frontier can do; by Heaven, she is leav-ing us, old fellow! Come!" and the scouturged on his mustang, as glancing behind her, the maiden was seen to suddenly cause her mare to quicken her speed.

"Well, well, well! Comrade, you are doing your best, and the bay still creeps away from you," and with a look of disappointment at the sinking sun, and remembering his appointment, Prairie Rover applied the spurs to his horse, who, smarting with pain and rage at the unexpected treatment, bounded madly forward in pursuit.

But useless his mighty efforts; the bay slowly drew further and further ahead, until, after a half-hour's race, the scout reluctantly relinuished the attempt, and wheeling Comrade to the right-about, once more headed for the motte, ever and anon glancing behind him, and observing that the maiden still continued her rapid flight, until ere long the horse and rider appeared a mere speck upon the prairie.

Surprised at meeting such a strange creature in the motte, and wondering at her remarkable appearance and conduct, Prairie Rover searched every portion of the timber on foot for some clue to guide him in clearing up the mystery; but he at length gave up his task as fruitless, and after looking to the comfort of Comrade, threw himself down to rest, ere the coming of the band of troopers.

When he awoke, darkness was upon the prairie, and a long line of horsemen were visi ble, coming toward the timber, whom the scout

recognized as the military squadron. Ten minutes more he had warmly greeted Captain Raymond and his men, and retiring into the deeper recesses of the timber, the whole party sought shelter within the ruined walls of the stockade, which concealed the possession of the pale-faces. light of their camp-fires.

With but little adventure, Ramsey Raymond and his men had reached the motte, capturing and killing several Indians who had expedition thus far.

the motte; but Ramsey could give him no in- up the valley to carry the war into the village which are to surround us in our stronghold, formation regarding her, and they appealed to of Cheo. the men for information.

All seemed in the dark on the subject, except one old trapper, who declared to having himself seen the maiden, a year before, and his description of her proved to the scout that he was telling the truth.

"I've hearn tell on the gal more than once, Prairie Rover, kase the Injuns has told me that they'd seen her, and they call her the Spirit of the Hills, 'cause you must know it's off yonder to the westward some forty miles or more, was where I see'd her, and they say she lives in the hill country; but you kin jist bet your bottom dollar she's no human gal, she nor her horse nuther.

"Not as bad as that, Dave, I think; but I would like to know more of her, and I'll solve the mystery yet," replied the scout, with de-

It was then decided between Prairie Rover and Captain Raymond that they would en-camp in the timber until dark the following

cleaning up their fire-arms, looking to their life and death. horses, mending their equipments, and cook-

With the disappearance of the sun behind the western hills, the clear notes of the bugle echoed through the motte, blowing "boots and saddles," and as twilight crept over the prairie, the daring band filed slowly forth from their retreat, and with Prairie Rover and Cautiously advancing into the timber, with Captain Ramsey at their head, took up the trail for the Indian villages.

CHAPTER IX

THE RAID OF DEATH. guidance of the scout they penetrated into the forest, and after three hours' longer ride drew rein at the head of a small valley.

"Now we are within two miles of the large Sioux village of Chota, and we will rest ar refresh ourselves and horses until daybreak," the eyes of the scout and the stranger met, the said the scout, dismounting and setting the example

Captain Raymond, the village below us numbers some two thonsand souls, of whom doubtless two hundred are men, able to fight

"Thus my plan is for me to lead the advance with about thirty men right into the village, while you follow after the lapse of ten minutes with thirty of your troopers,

'The remainder of the force can be divided into two parties, one under the trapper Dave to strike at once for the cattle corral to stampede all the ponies, and the other, under Lieutenant Hardcastle, to act as a reserve.

When Dave has stampeded the cattle, he tenant following him will cause a panic among the Indian camp, and cause them to believe our force much larger than it is.
"Also, let it be understood that we war

only upon able-bodied men, and not upon women, children or cripples.' "I agree with you, scout; I detest this

wholesale slaughter urged against red-skins, even though they are cruel savages. "How long will you remain in the village,

"Not more than long enough to burn their wigwams, and spread complete consternation, and then we will dash on to Cheo, seven miles further up the valley, situated near a fall of the river, which will drown the noise of our fell from the summit of the distant hills, the attack here, and enable us to surprise them

the hills, and after a rest will ride through the overcome. lower valley where there is an encampment of Dog Soldier Sioux, and some Cheyennes, who have joined the expedition against the settle-

During the night we will encamp in the

"A well-organized plan, scout, and one

into four parties, the command moved slowly down the valley, the detachment of the scout in advance, and consisting of the scouts, trappers, hunters, and a few friendly Indians of the Pawnee tribe.

firelight glimmered, proving that some early hunter was up preparing his humble breakfast efore starting on the hunt to provide food for his dusky family. Silently and ominously the scout led his dechment on until the first wigwams were near at hand; and then, with a burst of prolonged and terrific war-cries, they dashed into the

village, spreading terror and consternation Panic-stricken, the red protectors of the camp rushed forth from their homes, to be shot down instantly, while the cries of fright-

Presently the torch was applied, and the flames began to make sad havoc with the village, while the shouts and shots of the party who had attacked the cattle corral were heard mingling with the war-whoops of the Indians and battle-cries of the scout and his men.

In every direction then scattered hundreds of frightened mustangs, flying through the illage and adding new terror to the Indians, while dashing up with his force, Captain Raymond joined in the carnival of battle.

Upon all sides the red warriors fell in defense of their homes, many of them defense-less, for in their confusion they could find no arms, and believing the enemy ten times their real number, they fled in affright to the hillsides and forests, leaving their village in the

"Now for one grand sweep of destruction, and then, ere daylight is fairly upon us, we will away for Cheo," cried the scout, who seemed to the men to be the very personificacrossed their path, and the young officer contion of reckless courage, while, after seeing gratulated the scout upon the success of the him in battle, the reputation he had won did

not surprise them. Prairie Rover then made known his having sent Wild Wolf to the fort, with news of the departure of the Prairie Robin Hood and his emy had lost scores of warriors killed, only

> As Prairie Rover had said, the noise of a small waterfall drowned the sound of the attack upon Chota, and ere the surprised Indians were aware of the existence of a paleface within a hundred miles, the wild, ringing war-whoop of the scout sent a thrill of horror and terror through many a red skin's heart. "Give them no time to arm or rally, men!

> at them with a savage will!" cried Prairie Rover, and a burst of war-cries answered his words, and death held high carnival once more in the home of the red-man. In the twinkling of an eyealmost the village

was in ruins, the ground strewn with dead warriors, and hundreds of squaws and pap-posses flying for safety to the hills. "We have no time to tarry now, as the Dog Soldiers and Cheyennes will be warned and be

camp in the timber until dark the following night, and that this would give the men and horses a chance for perfect rest for the arduous and dangerous duties before them, and accordingly sentinels were soon set, and the camp was soon lost in deep repose.

Ley."

"All right, scout; you lead, and we will follow. We lost five good men in Cheo; now to avenge them and their comrades who fell at Chota," replied Captain Ramsey Raymond, and with a loud cheer the destroying human whirlwind swept on, the horses dripning with

ments, and cook-which duties they

Notwithstanding an alarm given by some of the fugitives from Cheo, the Dog Soldier Sioux THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMAN.

The sun was yet some distance from the to sleep away the remaining hours until the to sleep away the remaining hours until the safety in flight, leaving their village to fall in-

to the hands of the whites. A few brave warriors, however, determined it is a forlorn hope, and I am best suited for

was a scene of desolation and death. A village of savage Cheyennes then fell be-

neath the anger of the pale-faces, the braves, driven to despair, fighting bravely for their homes, and dropping a number of white horse-men from their saddles.

But the march of the attacking band was irresistible, and their track was one of ruin and

Having captured the village, the scout ordered a retreat to the hills near by, carrying with them large quantities of Indian plunder loaded upon horses taken from the corral.

Once in the hills, the party halted to rest, and those horses that were broken down were exchanged for the best mustangs captured from

Night coming on, strong detachments of guards were stationed against surprise, for that the Indians would attack them, the scout felt assured, if they could rally their different varriors in time.

But, excepting a few stray shots, fired by some prowling brave, the night passed quietly away, and with the first glimmer of light the band moved off to continue its work of ruin against the prairie border villages of the red-

Then the foresight of the scout, in ordering the shooting of all the mustangs that were not stampeded, was seen, for although the Indians had assembled in large numbers to attack the whites, very few of them were mounted, and can then come up to our aid; and the lieu- could not follow upon their trail with sufficient speed to keep them in sight.

By noon the prairie was reached, and the bands of hunting Indians were attacked with rresistible force, before there was a chance of resistance, for they had never looked for danger from pale-faces in that direction, and being some thirty miles distant from the villages of Chota and Cheo, they had not known of the ruin that had fallen upon them.

Another long day of carnage, and satiated with their bloody work, the band of whites struck forth over the prairie, and with weary steps headed for the motte, wherein was situated the ruined outpost.

As the last lingering rays of the setting sun scout glanced behind him, and what he discovered proved that the greatest danger of the "From Cheo we will take up position on daring raid of death was yet to be met and of hatred.

> CHAPTER X THE FORLORN HOPE.

THE sight that the scout discovered behind him, was one that was calculated to make the hills, and the following day sweep around upon the tribes who are encamped upon the borthe base of the hills was a confused mass of of the pale-faces.

"A well-organized plan, scout, and one which our daring and energy must carry out.
"Now we will acquaint Hardcastle, Dave and the men with the movements to be carried out, for already the eastern skies are getthe Indians would have come up and sur-A half-hour longer went by, and, divided rounded them, and their only way of would be to cut bravely through their lines.

"We are in a hot place, Captain Raymond," laughed the scout, as he pointed toward the

Yes, but it is no worse than I expected; in Unsuspecting evil, the village was lost in deep repose, excepting where here and there a only twenty-five poor fellows; but it is owing to your dash and courage, scout, for we were upon the villages before they could resist. "But what would you advise?"
"To seek the ruined stockade, and prepare

ourselves for a fight, for the Indians may attack us to-night. "If not, we will have had a good night's rest, and thus refreshed, the horses will carry

us bravely through their lines, and there are too few of them mounted to cause us much trouble when once we get clear of the motte. "Yet, infuriated as they are, they may storm us to-night, so we must hasten on ened squaws and pappooses rent the air with set our house in order for the coming of our

guests. The scout spoke lightly of the danger, but all felt that it was very great, and urging forward their tired steeds the motte was soon eached, and ere darkness came on, the band

was strongly fortified in the old stockade. Contrary to their expectations the night passed quietly away, and the sun arose to dis-

over no Indian visible. But creeping from the stockade, the scout bent his way toward the edge of the motte, and after an absence of a half hour returne his face showing no sign of discovery to their disadvantage.

Well, Prairie Rover, what have you seen?" cried Captain Raymond, advancing toward him.

"That we have succeeded most thoroughly in this expedition, captain, "I know it, and we'll all be lions when we get back.

"If we get back; but I must not delay telling you.
"First, my messenger has informed the Indians who went against the settlements, that their own homes have been visited by the torch and

sword, and out upon the prairies, some three miles, is the entire force of Sioux and their red allies, and then he told him of his mysterious adventure with the lovely horsewoman in a cheer at their success away the band dashed "Slowly they are arranging their plans

and for us to attempt to cut through their lines would be certain death." "What is to be done then, scout?" coolly

asked the young captain. "I see but one plan, and that is to stand a

We have only a week's provisions, and with no chance of succon "Horse-flesh is most palatable when one has

nothing else, captain.

"But you must stand a siege; the stockade is strong, you have tried men and true, and plenty of ammunition to beat back the entire orce of red-skins if they were to storm you. "In four days, or less, I can return with re-

inforcements from the fort-" "You!-how will you leave the motte?" "I'll dash through their lines, which are not Soldiers and Cheyennes will be warned and be ready to meet us, so let us press our horses away from their fleetest horses."

"True, he showed no sign of fatigue yesterformed fully yet, and Comrade can carry me

The following day was spent by the men in leaning up their fire-arms, looking to their life and death.

whirlwind swept on, the norses arapping with foam and covered with dust, but urged on for life and death.

whirlwind swept on, the norses arapping with foam and covered with dust, but urged on for life and death.

It cannot be helped; some one must go, for

to sell their lives dearly, and the death of several troopers was the result; but in compact mass the band rushed on, and the Indian camp severest test.'

"It is a terrible risk to run; but something must be done," said Captain Raymond, as he walked with the scout toward his horse. Comrade was as fresh as a lark, and as if anticipating some desperate service was ex-

pected of him, neighed wildly to be off. A few moments more and the scout, with determined and stern face, mounted Comrade, and shaking the hand of Ramsey Raymond, rode from the stockade, followed by the good wishes of the band.

Following him to the edge of the motte, Captain Raymond, Lieutenant Hardcastle and a few others, saw at once the desperate gantlet the scout had to run, for the prairie was alive with warriors, mounted and on foot, who were rapidly spreading a human chain around the piece of timber, including both sides of the small river or stream. To the eastward was a space of half a mile

wide, which was not protected, though there were two columns moving toward this point. To this open space was the distance of a good half mile, and the scout felt that he must ride like the wind to run through ere the two columns closed up.

Darting from the shelter of the motte, Comrade sped on like a bird, and had advanced fortunately one-third of the distance ere he was discovered, and then a yell of fury went up from a thousand red throats as the daring

orseman was seen, and his object known. Rapidly the two columns began to close up, but one being dismounted, the other made better progress. Heading more toward the Indians on foot the scout with his keen eye at once took in the whole danger and chances of escape, and with

word and gesture urged on Comrade, while he unslung his trusty rifle and held it ready for Becoming warmed to his work, Comrade crouched low upon the prairie and fairly flew along, his speed surprising the Indians, and winning cheer after cheer from his friends in

the motte, who breathlessly watched the rapid The whole scene was now one of wildest excitement, the Indians pouring in hundreds toward the point for which the scout was aim-

ing, and filling the air with their terrifice yells On, on, on bounded the noble Comrade, nearer and nearer the line he drew, and then only a few hundred yards divided him from the two hostile lines.

Will be make it? No, certain death stares him in the face Too bad, too bad! better to have remained and fought it out with us.

hundred yards distant Warrior after warrior fell as the leaden hail was poured into the crowded ranks, but on they pressed, pouring in a shower of arrows and rifle-bullets as they came.

ing right and left upon his enemies, still two

As though bearing a charmed life, the scout and his noble steed remained unhurt, dashing across the line, and with a yell from Prairie and to carry off what plunder you can; but,

sped on, having successfully escaped in the forlorn hope, and with every chance of soon bringing aid from the fort to rescue Captain Raymond and his gallant band.

> CHAPTER XI. THE PRAIRIE ROBIN HOOD.

Upon the evening of the arrival of the Indian forces in front of the settlement, and when the white renegade chief was planning his attack against his own race, there suddenly darted into the outlaw camp an Indian messenger, his horse showing signs of hard riding, and even his red-skin rider exhibiting in his stern face a look of fatigue.

It was near the sunset hour, and the white chief and his red allies were holding a council of war beneath a huge tree where Robin Hood had halted and made his headquarters.

The steed, a large sorrel stallion, with a build denoting extraordinary speed and bottom, was grazing near by, loose, while his bridle, accouterments, and a silver-mounted Mexican saddle, with its broad horn, lay at

Leaning against the trunk of the tree, his arms folded upon his broad breast, and his whole attitude one of perfect ease and grace, was the man who had won the name of the Prairie Robin Hood.

Six feet in hight, he was of a magnificent physique, and beneath the closely-fitting pants of dressed buck-skin, and blue flannel shirt, his form gave indication of great strength, agility, and powers of endurance

Cavalry boots incased his feet, the tops reaching to his knees, and the heels armed with silver spurs, while upon his head he wore a soft, gray-felt hat, looped up upon the left side with a gold arrow, and with a black plume drooping over the brim.

A broad belt encircled his small waist, and upon either hip was a handsomely-mounted revolver, while in front, and ready for the clutch of either hand, were a bowie-knife and double-barreled pistol of exceedingly large bore and fine sight.

Hanging to the belt, upon the left side, and by a red-silk cord, was a small, gleaming battle-ax, with a long handle, and a weapon which the chief had been known to use with terrible effect in battle.

Having described the general appearance of the noted Robin Hood, his face certainly deserves mention, for it was one that once seen could not be forgotten.

The eyes were as changeable in expression as an April day, being at times cruelly bitter, again savage in their flerceness, and then touchingly sorrowful; but at all times they were searching and restless in their look.

The forehead was high, bold, intellectual,

and the dark, iron-gray hair, combed directly back, fell to his shoulders in wavy ma while his beard, reaching to his belt almost. was also tinged with silver threads, though the face appeared to be that of a man under

The mouth was forbiddingly stern, sneering and cruel, and the whole expression that of a By a dim fire that burned on the hearth o man who feared neither God nor human being, the Mad Trapper's cabin, sat the old border and felt that he was an outcast upon the face

Years before the man had drifted upon the frontier, coming from the far south-west, it | The little window also had been fastened up, followers at his heels, men like himself, devoting their lives to crime.

at first the chief devoted himself to the life of a highwayman, living in some secret recess of the forest, and demanding toll from all passers through his dominions.

Ever polite to his victims, and most courteous to women, whom he never robbed, and red-skins. never taking from a man his every cent, he soon won the name of the Prairie Robin Hood. But at last the military were on his path, the country became aroused at some more daring deed, and he was hunted down, and after the foot hills like muskeeters. Shouldn't won a terrible struggle, made prisoner by Colonel der if we'd be driven out o' here in less than Vernon, but not until he had shot three sol-

diers dead, and was himself severely wounded. He was tried at once by military court, and sentenced to be hung, as soon as he recovered from his wounds; but the night previous to the day appointed for his execution he escaped | the fire-place. from his log prison, and the next morning the sentinel who guarded him was found dead before the door, but without one mark of violence upon him, while upon his face remained a look of mortal terror, as though some un-

earthly visitant had appeared before him. A year passed away after the escape of the Robin Hood of the Prairies, and then he suddenly reappeared on the border, at the head of a formidable band of renegades, and from that day his cruelty toward his fellow man seemed to know no bounds, for the armed and the it, and then lifted the lid, revealing to the asdefenseless everywhere fell beneath his deadly | tonished gaze of the youth a telegraphic bat-

Such was the Prairie Robin Hood, and one gazing into his face as he leaned with folded against the tree, listening to the war-talks of the Indian chiefs, Brave Shield, Big Whis tler, and Tall Bull, could not but feel that his dark and handsome face hid behind its cruel

Let them hold on to their rattling tongues, lest the birds of the woods understand them, and carry the tidings of our coming to the settlers," and Robin Hood spoke in a stern and What would our white brother have?"

sulkily returned Brave Shield. would have you get your red cutthroats ready to march upon the settlement with the coming of dark; let the whole band follow in my lead, and I will redden the prairies with

the blood of the pale-faces," savagely returned the white chief. The great chief speaks well, and his red brothers shall fringe their belts with pale-face scalps, and fill their wigwams with pale-face said Tall Bull, his eyes gloating in anticipation of his evil designs.

"You lay your accursed and bloody claws upon the head or form of a white woman, and I'll tear with my own hand your scalp from your skull," cried the white chief, his eyes flashing fire.

Instantly the Indian warriors were upon their feet, their hands upon their weapons, but, undismayed, Robin Hood stood before them, an evil glitter in his eyes.

"What! has our white brother turned trai-tor?" asked Big Whistler, after a pause.
"I will never be a traitor to a woman, even though I practice hellish barbarities upon men.
"No, you red devils, I lead you against the

so help me the Great Spirit, if one woman, or child, dies by the hand of a red-skin intentionally, I'll turn my renegade bloodhounds upon you, and aid the white warriors in driving sped on, having sped on, having special the special plunder you can; but, child, dies by the hand of a red-skin intentionally, I'll turn my renegade bloodhounds upon you, and aid the white warriors in driving you to your haunts."

The Prairie Robin II.

looks were going the rounds of the Indians faces, and a storm was threatening, when sud-

denly a horseman dashed swiftly into the midst of the party.

"Ha! what brings the Comanche Wild Wolf here now, when he skulked to the prairies when the skulked to t rie when we took the war-path?" tauntingly

"The Wild Welf is no skulking dog; he has been on the war-path of the pale-face war-riors, and has come to tell his red brothers that the braves from the fort are now laying in ashes their happy villages in the hills.'

A yell of terror, of rage and despair, went up from the assembled chiefs at this news; but the stern voice of Robin Hood checked their Who is it, my red brothers, that brings

this news? 'A stranger chief, a Comanche dog, a friend of the pale-faces.

"The Comanche lies." With a yell of fury the Wild Wolf threw himself from the back of his steed and rushed upon the white chief, his knife glittering in

But a dozen strong arms seized and held him back, and powerless, he cried:
"Red brothers, the tongue of the Wild Wolf is not crooked; he speaks straight; the pale-

faces are now in their happy home If my red brothers doubt the Wild Wolf, let them bear him back a prisoner, and then

burn him at the stake." The words and manner of the Comanche carried conviction with them, and again al-most inhuman yells filled the air, while in hot haste the Indians began to mount, no longer thinking of attacking the settlements while their own homes and families were in danger.

In vain Robin Hood pleaded with them to continue on and devastate the settlement; his vords were unheeded, and in a short while the whole band of warriors departed, leaving the angry and disappointed Robin Hood alone with his squadron of renegades.

But, undaunted by the desertion of his allies, the daring chief determined to himself strike a blow against the settlement, and with what plunder he could secure dart back to stronghold in the hills, distant nearly three ays' journey from the fort.
With this determination, he called his men

around him, made known his intended plans, and at nightfall the band was upon the move, slowly approaching the happy homes of the hardy pioneers of the frontier.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 293.)

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXV.

IDAHO TOM AND THE MAD TRAPPER ON THE MOVE.

man himself and Idaho Tom. Without it was night, black and gloomy The door of the cabin was closed and barred.

was said, and with a reckless band of a dozen and every available point strengthened and followers at his heels, men like himself, devotwas apprehended. "Yes, yes," the trapper was saying, when we intrude upon the privacy of their conver-

sation, "the days of peace are all over with hereaways, Thomas. Old Molock has been stirred up, and he in turn has stirred up the

'And one might as well stir up a hornet's nest," added Idaho Tom.

Yes, the condemned vagrants are mean and devilish; and they're swarmin' over from

"But I can't see, for the life of me, whybegan Tom, but his words were here cut short by a clicking sound starting suddenly up in the big pine chest in the corner to the left of

The old trapper started to his feet, and glancing toward Tom, at the same time assum-ing an attitude of intense listening, raised his finger as if to enjoin silence upon the lips of his

The clicking in the corner lasted for only a

moment or tw Well, if I must, I must; for I won't ask you to go out," the trapper said to his companion, as he turned and advanced toward the Reaching it, he inserted a key, turned tery.

"I thought so from the first night I staid here, friend Dee," the youth said, pointing to the instrument.

"I 'lowed you'd hear the thing click; but then it's no use keepin' a secret from a friend,' replied the trapper, with an air of philosophi mask some deep and damning mystery of cal gravity. "That, Tom, is an undefiled, crime and lost honor. "That, Tom, is an undefiled, giniwine, lightnin'-geared telegraff machine; 'The chiefs talk like women, and would and I'm the child that fingers this end of the palayer for hours like a gang of old women at communicatin' thingumbob. Zoe Leland l'arnatea-drinking. floatin' island on the bay, over a mile distant. I war called jist now, and I'm goin' to answer, 'Here,'" and he adjusted the connecting wire, and thumbed off the word in a twinkling

The next instant the battery began a rapid clicking. Dee stood with his head partly turned, listening closely to catch every word; and Tom noticed, as the sound continued, that the trapper's face assumed a painful expres-

At length the sound ceased. Zedekiah drew long, heavy breath, and glancing toward om, exclaimed:

My God, Tom!" What is it, Zed?" Zoe Leland is a captive!" Tom groaned in spirit.

"Who captured her, Zed?" he asked.

"Wait a minute, and I'll find out."

Zed asked the question over the wire.
"An Indian, they say," Dee replied, after receiving an answer. "They don't know how he ever got to the island, but long before night he got there someway or other, and carried her off in one of their own canoes. Strikes me as being a queer thing, Tom."

'Why haven't we known this sooner?" "Because we haven't been here, nor down to the bay. Leland says he's been tryin' to git me here for four long hours, and you see we've only been here a little while. That explains the hull thing. "Well, what's to be done?"

"We're wanted at the island, right away. It is being beseiged by a hundred red-skins that seem bent on its kapter. Leland says we'll have to approach with great caution. "Is any one in pursuit of Zoe's captors, did

"I'll ask," said the trapper-operator, fingering the instrument rapidly.

The answer was soon flashed back.
"Frank Caselton and a friend are in pursuit. The rest of the Boy Hunters are here on the island, fighting nobly for us."

A look of disappointment clouded Tom's

face, and, in a bitter tone, he replied:
"I dare say that curse of this land, Mat Molock, the Wolf-Herder, has got her in his den ere this. And if so, what can two boys do toward rescuing her? My opinion is that Zoe

"It may be, Thomas, but let us hope for the best till we are positive. But, Tom, will you go to the island with me now?"

"I hardly know what to do—whether to strike out for Molock's quarters, and lend my aid in rescuing Zoo, or go down to the bay."
"Tom," said Dee, seriously, "I verily believe that you are in love with Zoe Leland."

Tom blushed, but finally stammered out: "I am not ashamed of the truth, friend Dee do love Zoe Leland with all my heart, and have from the hour I first saw her. My love told me that the boy Albert, who came here that memorable night, was Zoe in disguise, notwithstanding your efforts to deceive me in

The old trapper smiled, sadly, and replied "I b'lieve you could see through a mill-stone, Tom, if you recognized Zoe in her disguise that night. But then, I alers b'lieved you loved that girl. She's a cherribim, Tom, if thar were ever one on earth. She's good enough, purty enough and sweet enough for an angel to marry, I do solemnly believe. "That's what I'm afraid of-that she is too

good for a young vagabond like me."
"Heavins, listen!" It was the old trapper that uttered the exclamation.

The sullen boom of a cannon rolled up from

the lake and burst forth anew in a hundred mountain echoes "They're having it hot and heavy down there," said, Tom, with a nervous start.
"Let's git ready and go down," replied Dee

"I am ready for anything, Zed," answered

The two secured their weapons and plunged out into the night. The sky was overcast, and a dense fog hung

ver the valley and hills. Down the gloomy pass the two men turned their faces, and moved with hasty footsteps. They hurried on in silence for some distance when Idaho Tom finally said:

"Zedekiah, I must admit that the past month has been the most eventful one of my

"Why so, Tom?" asked the borderman "Because I have been completely puzzled and mystified all the time. "Well, what about?"

"Things around Tahoe; the secret connected with the floating island and other things, down to your connection with the whole."

"Don't let that, this, or anything bother your brain now, Tom," replied Dee. "I'll explain everything one of these days. I know things you speak of look queer to a stranger, things you speak of look queer to a stranger, things you speak of look queer to a stranger, things you speak of look queer to a stranger, things you speak of look queer to a stranger, the stranger is the stranger of the stranger in the stranger is the stranger of the stranger in the stranger is the stranger of the stranger is the stranger in the stranger in the stranger is the stranger in the stranger in the stranger in the stranger is the stranger in the stra nothin' wrong about any of this apparent mystery that puzzles you.' 'But, Dee, those two men that we buried

the other day were friends of yours, were they

"Wal, ya-as, they war, Tom," the trapper replied, with some hesitation And were they not down to Virginia City, not very long ago?" questioned Ton "Yes, a few days afore they war killed by the red heathens. But I should think you knowed all about that, Tom," was the response

that started Tom slightly. Why should I, Zed?" "'Cause, didn't you play poker with them?"
"Yes, I believe I did."

"And didn't they scoop you outen a dia nond ring?" "Yes, they did; and I saw that ring to-day on Zoe Leland's finger."
"The boys give it to her, for it was her mo

ther's ring, that she prized very dearly "Indeed?" exclaimed Tom, in the deepes

'It was taken from her," Zedekiah contin ued, "bout two or three months ago by the road-agents, while passing through Purgatory And, Tom, its be valley in the stage coach. ing in your possession looked a leetle suspicious The matter was placed in the hands of detec tives to work out in hopes of gettin'the rest of the jewelry taken at the same time, also, to watch you, and find out your headquarters and capter the hull caboodle. But, Tom, I never b'lieved you war a road-agent, and so that's

jist why I've told you what I have." "I thank you very much for telling me, Zed; but does Zoe know that your friends won the ring from me at poker?"

Tom sighed regretfully, and after a mo-

ment's silence responded:
"Zed, I tell you I am no road-agent nor robber. That ring was given me by the clerk of the 'Ophir Exchange,' in consideration of a valuable service rendered him. He told me at the time that it had been pawned at the saloon for a keg of whisky, but, as it was not redeemed within the stipulated time, it be-

came the clerk's property.' I believe you, Tom-every word you have told me, and shall to the last. But, lad, as we are now comin' near the lake, we'd better look a leetle out for red-skins."

"How are we going to get over to the island when we get to the bay, Zed?" "Trust that part to me, Tom," replied the

The two moved on now in silence, and soon came to the margin of the woods skirting the Within the shadews they paused and glanced out upon the beach. The moon, peeping through the clouds just then, showed them "Dar'n't make a break here," Zedekiah

Keeping within the shadows, they stole around to the south-west side of the bay, and again paused and listened. All was silent here. The Indians appeared to have concentrated their force all on the norther side of the bay. At least, this was the surnise of Zed and Tom, founded upon the extreme silence that prevailed along this part of the shore; to their surprise, however, they were suddenly startled by a low moan.

Tom uttered a low exclamation of surprise while the Mad Trapper chuckled as if with suppressed laughter.

Looking through the parted foliage before them, both saw a red-skin seated in a cance, writhing and shuddering in all the agonies of

"Ah! friend trapper!" exclaimed Tom, in a dry, husky tone, "it is a savage fast in that infernal machine, one of the mysteries of Ta-

CHAPTER XXXVI. A COLLISION ON THE LAKE. Again the old trapper chuckled with delight

over Tom's excitem "Boy," he said, "be you afraid of that ca-"I am not superstitious, but I can't ac

count for the mysterious power with which that craft seems endowed," replied the youth. "Wal, if we go to the island we'll have to go in that very skiff, Tom." "Never! I've been there, Zed."

The trapper's tall form shook with suppress-I'll work it, Tom," he finally replied. "I

think I know what ails the durned thing."
"Well, I daresay you do," declared the boy. "Come along then, my lad."

Out on to the open beach glided the border-man, and close behind him followed Idaho The moon was again hidden behind a cloud and darkness hung over the face of all

The two moved down to the water's edge, and found that the enchanted skiff was out some ten or fifteen feet from shore. The savage seemed conscious of their approach, and endeavored to liberate himself from his ago-

nizing position, but all in vain. The Mad Trapper waded into the water and hauled the canoe ashore. Then he stepped nto it, and catching the savage by the girdle jerked him up off the seat. The act liberated him from his helpless position, and with an apparent cry of delight the savage sprung from

the skiff and bounded away into the woods.
The Mad Trapper roared with laughter. "I'd laugh, too, if I could see the point,"

said Tom, in perplexity. Wal, I reckon it are a sockdolager to them as don't understand science; but the nub of the hull thing is right here, Thomas. Under this seat is a galvanic battery of great power, the poles, which are slender wires, attached to each of these oars right where the hands grasp

them. Here, you can feel 'em.' Tom stepped into the craft, and upon exam-nation found that there was a wire running from the extremities of the box, which composed the oarsman's seat, up to the row-locks hence along the under side of the oar to the

end where the hand was fastened upon it. Now then," continued the trapper, might grab one of these oars and hold it till doomsday and it wouldn't affect you; and you might grasp it with both hands and it wouldn't harm ye if ye stood up, but if ye'd set down on that box-lid, then you'd catch goss; for the box is so constructed that as soon as one sets down on it an electric current is turned on and the heavier the man, the stronger the current. And once a hold of the plagued thing it's purty hard to let up without help, or les ye know how to work it. But an Ingin will

the matter that they should wear an air of I said before, I have had a taste of your infer nystery so as to keep the red-skins away. nal nerve-tearing machine, and I don't care But, dang 'em, they don't 'pear to skeer worth about trying it again. I have heard of gal a Continental. Rest assured, Tom, that thar is had any idea of their mysterious power, else might have mistrusted the truth of the mat But of all the ideas, this one gets me What in wonder can be the object in it, any-

Dee raised the box-lid and threw the appa ratus out of gear, then seating himself upon the box, seized the oars and drove the skiff rapidly out into the bay. When some rods from the shore he said:

You asked me what object thar is in this outfit: it is to keep Ingins and boys from botherin' the skiff when one comes ashore and leaves it to look around awhile."

"Well, it's a capital contrivance, I must frankly admit, Zed: and-" His words were here cut short by a cannonball that came screaming through the air so close to their heads that both Tom and Zed

'By the ghost of Cæsar! that war a close shave, friend trapper," exclaimed the youth.
"I guess they think we're enemies," said Dee; "but fur the life of me, I can't see how they tell in this confounded fog who's on the

ake at all, and who ar'n't." "Maybe they were just firing to skeer the red-skins away, for it is impossible to see anything creeping through this fog-heavens Crash went the prow of their swift-moving skiff into the side of a canoe whose presence there was unknown, so deep and dense were

the mist and gloom. A cry of terror went up from the lips of the unknown party; the shrill, sharp voice of a woman was heard. The next moment the unfortunate voyagers

were floundering and struggling in the waves.
"Och! Mother av Moses!" cried one of the erew, in a loud, excited voice, "the red divils will kill us now! "Help me, Billy, for God's sake, with Zoe:

she is drowning! The voice of the speakers sounded familiar and their words told Tom and Zed of the pre dicament they were in.
"It's some of our friends, Zed!" exclaimed

Tom, peering into the gloom before them.
"Who be you there?" asked the trapper, in
a subdued tone, but the confusion made by the swashing water drowned his voice He spoke louder.

"Oh, Blessed Vargin! and it's ould Torpe do," was the joyful reply of Billy Brady. "Hilp, mon, we're drownin'! Yees busted our old tub, and b' the powers we've got the swate

young angel!"

Before the last word ha died upon the youth's lips, Zedekiah ran the skiff a ongside the struggling trio, and with the assis ance of Tom, Zoe was lifted up into the cra. d. But she was already uncon

Billy and Frank were next taken aboard a number of shadowy forms moving along and the happy youths could scarcely restrain the shore to the right and left of their position. a shout of joy and triumph.

"This is a bad state of affairs," Frank said, not that it hurts Billy and I, but on Zoe's account. Had you been enemies instead of friends we would all have perished."

"Very likely you would," replied Tom, but, old friend, I am glad to meet you, and know that you have rescued Miss Leland. The old trapper gave up the oars to Idaho Tour, while he took the wet, dripping form of the maiden in his arms, and endeavored to restore her to consciousnes

A deep silence now fell upon the party, so eager were all for the restoration of the fair girl. Only the dip of the oars, the heavy breathing of the oarsman, and the swash of the water broke the unnatural silence. Deep and depressing hung the gray fog over the

Not until all had been assured of Zoe's recovery by words from her own lips, was that death-like pall lifted from the hearts of the little crew, nor did one venture to speak above a whisper. When this assurance, however, was guaranteed them, Idaho Tom exclaimed:
"Boys, I declare I don't know where I am

Stop, then," said Zedekiah Dee, "and let's git our bearings afore we run into the clutches of some of the red purgatorians."

"Yes, be certain by all means," said Frank, for there are several cances with savages creeping around over the bay in search of us.
In order to elude them we were compelled to bend our course several times, consequently we got lost in the fog, and were going at rightangles with your course when you ran into

"Lost, by Jee-rusalem!" exclaimed Dee unable to get his course, "if I war on lan't you couldn't fool me as to the points of the ompass. But I'm no sailor."

Billy, you're a sailor-boy; give us the north point of the compass," said Frank. "The narth p'int av me hat!" retorted Bil-

All me senses are water-soaked, and devil the thing do I know." "Let's wait and mebby they'll fire the cannon," suggested Idaho Tom.

"Sh!" commanded Dee. A canoe, propelled rapidly by three or four paddles, shot suddenly across their bows and sped on into the distant night and fog.
"It's a boat in search of us," said young
Caselton; "they know, some way or other,

that we're on the bay, and are trying to cut us off from the island." "If we are likely to fall into the Indians' power, uncle," said Zoe, addressing the old trapper, "throw me overboard into the lake. would rather die than fall into their power."

"Tut! tut! child," replied the borderman, in a gentle, reproving tone, "we'll all die rather than see harm come to you—ah! there's A broad sheet of flame was seen off to the right, and at the same instant the thunderous

boom of the little howitzer rolled out through Idaho Tom turned the canoe and pulled out in the direction of the island as indicated by the flash of the cannon.

Suddenly a loud, imperative voice called "Halt! Who comes there?"

"Tis I, father!" cried Zoe, in wild delight.
"God be praised!" exclaimed the father, in yous accents, and when the boat touched the sland, he was there with open arms to receive his child.

"Hoorah!" shouted the Mad Trapper, at the op of his great lungs, as he and his companions sprung from the canoe; "now let the demons of Molock come on."

His shout of triumph was repeated by the oy Hunters, and answered by a hundred savage throats along the shores of the bay (To be continued—commenced in No. 284.)

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SWUNG OFF.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

The rosy Nan, that winsome thing, Lig't-hearted as a feather, And I sat in that woodland swing So cheerly together.

The green leaves rustled glad and gay; Flowers at our feet were springing; Her head upon my shoulder lay— Her head upon my shoulder la And it was blessed swinging

As to and fro we airly went,
With souls so light and lifting,
It seemed that if the rope was rent
In air, we'd still go drifting.

She sweetly clung unto my arm; Oh, happy, happy clinging! I vowed I'd save her from all harm, And kissed her, gently swinging.

And as we higher swung at last I kept one arm about her waist To hold the maid from falling.

I said, "It seems we're on the flight Away from worldly weather, As if toward some star of light We're journeying together;

"And let me say here on this rope, Whose strands should all be silken, And reaching far and farther up To heaven beyond the welkin—

Let me say what I never spoke: Oh, Nan, I love you gladly! and—"here the limb above us broke, And down we tumbled madly.

Ah, luckless fall! To earth it dashed Ourselves and all my fancies; No bones broke, but my heart it smashed, And utterly ruined Nancy's—

Be ause she said, in great disdain-Her tones with anger ringing, I'll never speak to you again, And never go a-swinging."

A Ruse de Guerre.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You'd better make up your mind to do it, Frank. I give you my word for it, you'll find 'Laurelton' not a bad place, and the girls are-well, there are no finer girls than my granddaughters."

Old Judge Ransom looked earnestly over his gold-rimmed glasses at Frank Hazelton's handsome, indifferent face.

"You certainly are very good, judge, to press upon me such a friendly invitation to visit 'Laurelton,' and under any other circumstances than those we have discussed, I would be delighted to accept. As it is—I confess I haven't the cheek to go down to your place, see my pretty second cousins, be entertained by aunt Sara, and all the while feel that my object, and your object, is to select me a wife face away.

from among the young ladies."
"That's the sheerest nonsense, boy. Why on earth shouldn't you marry one of your cou sins, and thereby secure 'Laure'ton' in the family? Somebody 'll get the fine old place with one of my girls-why shouldn't it as well be you?"

"I suppose you call yours a very sensible view of the case, Judge Ransom. But, how can a fellow expect to curb and harness his fancy and affection to suit-even with 'Laurelton' thrown in the bargain?"

'Who's talking of fancies and affection! only asked you to run down to the homestead for the holidays and get acquainted with the girls; then, if you fall in love with one of them, well and good. There's not much danger but that they'll take to you, Frank. You're a fine fellow, and your five years' absence at the German universities add very greatly to your

"Thank you, judge. Surely I ought to be grateful, and oblige you by falling in love with one of my charming cousins." Then we'll consider it settled, shall we'll The Thursday before Christmas."

"I guess we'll manage it between us, Sara Frank's agreed to come, and, what's more, has half-promised to fall in love with one of the

girls. sat reading his village paper beside the cheery open grate; and fat, motherly Mrs. Ransom sat in her capacious chair,

busily darning socks. Promised to fall in love with one of the girls! Henry, the idea! Who ever heard of

such a thing? You never went and told him you wanted him to marry one of them?" "Of course I did. There's nothing like being open and above-board. I like young Hazel, and told him so; and told him he was wel-

come to one of my granddaughters, and 'Laurelton' in the bargain." "Well, Henry Ransom, I never would have believed you were such a—a fool! Don't you know you've ruined our little arrangement by going and telling him? Why, there's not a man living who'll take a fancy to a girl that is re-commended to him! Well, if you aren't a

nimshie!" I can't see what I've done so dreadful. I'm sure you are as as anxious to have him in

the family as I am." "Of course I am-and that is why I hate to see ennything spoiled so. My word for it. Frank Hazelton is of too noble a nature to deliberately make love to a girl because she is rich; and, at the same time, I know he will take a dislike to 'em simply because he knows

he is expected to do the other thing." "Seems to me I have put my foot in it, Sara, according to your way of thinking. I am sure

I meant well enough. Oh, I know that. Now, if you'll just leave it to me, and agree to do just what I say, I think it'll end all right, yet. Listen, now, and see if a woman can't beat even a judge in love

affairs. And he sat and listened, his fine face gradually broadening until it was one big smile from

eyebrows to chin.
"If you don't deserve a diploma," he declared, jubilantly.

A magnificent December night, with myriads of frostily-twinkling stars above, and a snow-bound landscape below them; and Frank Hazelton, wrapped in his Astrachan overcoat, and his seal-skin cap cozily jammed over his forehead, thought, as he was driven from the depot to "Laurel" behind the judge's fast trotters, and in the "Laurel's" big double-seated, warmly-cushioned sleigh, that the lines might fall to a fellow in a far less pleasant place than that to which he was going; where the judge met him at the door, in the broad banner of

warm yellow light streaming from within. 'Come right in, my boy-right in! You're as the first flowers in spring. Here's aunt Sara waiting to kiss you-aren't

you, eh? Frank found himself in warm, motherly arms, and, laughing and joking, was escorted to the parlor, where four young girls were sitting in apparent ready welcome.

What! have I four cousins? Judge, you-'ve got the best of me. I had no idea my courwas to be put to such a test." Indeed, you needn't think you are so blessed as o possess four pretty cousins. These are all you need lay claim to—Maud and Ida, my two dear granddaughters. These other two young ladies are Miss Florence and Irma Cloudesley—visiting 'Laurelton,' to assist in

After such an informal introduction, the ice was immediately broken; and, before the merry little circle broke up that night, Frank caught himself internally offering congratula-tions to himself that he had come to "Laurel-

Pretty girls-of course they're pretty, all of them," he soliloquized, mentally, as he carefully arranged his necktie, one bright, merry morning, a month after he had come to the

There's Maud, with her matchless grace and her stately, dignified manner. She should wear a coronet and never feel but what the strawberry leaves were honored by her acceptance. But not for a thousand 'Laureltons' would I spend a lifetime with her; when an hour exhausts all her entertaining and instructive ability.

"I wonder what aunt Sara and the judge would think if they knew of my private opinion of Maud and Ida? To be sure Ida's a nice, ladylike little thing, and has about as much mind of herown as a butterfly. I doubt if she ever really does think beyond the arrangement of her pretty yellow hair, and the fit of those marvelously tiny slippers of hers.' From which it will be seen Mr. Frank Hazel-

ton had been very observant.
"There's the Misses Cloudesley—sensible, intelligent girls as I ever saw; only Florence will persist in tyrannizing over dear little

Then the dinner-bell abruptly dispelled his mental criticisms, and he went down, to find them all gone in but Irma Cloudesley, who, with a suspiciously tearful face, stood before the mirror. She started, half-guiltily, as he entered.

"Oh, I thought you had gone in. You're late, Mr. Hazelton." "And so are you. What has kept you?"
He saw the flush surge over her cheeks.

"I-oh-nothing-much." "Has Flo been teasing you again?" He went close up to her, looking down into

her face. No-nothing at all. Please go in to dinier, Mr. Hazelton

She looked really distressed, he saw; but the headstrong fellow did not obey at all. "Tll go, in a moment, Irma. Tell me first if you are angry with me that you seem so eager to get rid of me? Not only now, Irma, but always. You avoid me continually."

She blushed rosier than ever and turned her

"No, Irma! you must answer me. Have I offended you? "No, Mr. Hazelton, you have not. Please

go to dinner. They won't like it, and Maud will think-" She hesitated, and looked painfully con-

"Irma, I positively will not go to dinner until I know what is the matter with you, if I never eat a mouthful again. What will Maud

think? What right has my cousin to think anything about what I do?"

"Oh, Mr. Hazelton—you—you are cruel to ask me. It was foolish in me to say a word." "Every word you say is very sweet to me, little girl. Tell me why you dread Maud's knowing we are here, together? Tell me, Irma, or I shall—kiss you!"

"You know well enough," she faltered, desperately. "You know they all expect you

ill marry Maud, and-" Frank laughed, and suddenly caught her in both his arms and kissed her.

"Don't struggle, Irma-you are my little darling, ar'n't you? You love me, don't you? Because I love you so very dearly, Irma! dear little Irma! Maud knows I never shall marry

so much." I consider myself the best judge of that,

Miss Cloudesley! Perhaps you think, in your humility, that you are not more to me than ten thousand 'Laurelton's.'" "Am I-really-am I, Frank?"

He kissed her over and over again. "Shall we go to dinner-or, has your appetite vanished? Mine has, after such nectar as

She laughed, then he saw her beautiful mouth begin to quiver.

"Frank—you won't be angry, will you? promise me! it wasn't my fault, truly, but grandma's."

She looked so wistfully at him, and her language was so puzzling, that he laughed out-

Angry? - never! Promise you? - any thing! She leaned her head forward, so he could

not see her face.
"I am not Irma Cloudesley, but Irma Ransom. Sister Florence and I exchanged iden-

tities with Maud and Ida, who are really the Misses Cloudesley. So, after all, Frank, shall have 'Laurelton'-if you will take it. Will you-with me?"

That of course settled it, since Frank was so anxious to have Irma. And, so, after all, Aunt Sara's ruse de guerre accomplished the lesired end, on the unalterable principle that she and the rest of us women understand, that men are stubborn creatures, who are sure to do just exactly contrary to the way you want them to do.

The Story of a Song.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

GRETCHEN leaned out of the window, in the noonlight, and listened. It was a beautiful aight. The air was like etherealized silver, night. and the moon was like a new world in its white and shining splendor. The hills seemed like the hills of dreamland, and the mountains which showed so faintly against the pale, clear sky, made Gretchen think of the mountains she had thought of as belonging to the Enchanted Land Max had told her about. To her, as she leaned out of the window and listened, this most exquisite night of nights, with the subtle fragrance of mignonette and pansies floating up from the garden below to make the scene more like one of enchantment than it could have been without the odor of flowers in it, it seemed as if the whole world was enchanted ground. And she and Max were prince and princess therein, reigning supreme in the realm of love. She wondered if ever anybody's love-dream had been quite so sweet as theirs! Did ever any other maiden love her lover quite so well as she loved Max ? And was ever a lover quite so brave and handsome and tender as Max? No! no! she thought world's,

not. You see this Gretchen was like a thousand other Gretchens in the world, whose dream of love seems to them to fill the whole world with the sweetness and beauty of itself, and which their happy, foolish hearts tell them is the most complete of any love that ever was known. Theirs is the one perfect love the

world will ever see.

One long, low note from a violin trembled on the still, silver air, and Gretchen's cheek was like a rose that has just blossomed, and her eyes were like two stars. At last she heard that which she had been listening for. Max was near her. But then, to her tender womanheart, he was never far away.

The violin-player set the air a-quiver with melody, by the magic of his bow. It was a sweet and simple song without words; a tonepoem that went to Gretchen's heart, and told her a thousand wonderfully pleasant things. She thought she had never heard anything so sweet before. What a wonderful fellow Max was! He had told her that he had composed a little air for her, and had hoped she would like it when he came to play it to her in the moon-light. Like it? Why! she had never heard nusic that touched her as this did. It was so full of thoughts that could not be caught in words! Such sweet thoughts, too! Who but and strongest men were most successful. Max would have thought of telling her these things in such a language? The little melody caught itself among her heart-strings, and tangled itself up there forever.

Then there was silence in the garden for a

oment. Suddenly she turned and broke the white lily which had that morning opened its waxen chalice to catch the sunshine for the first time, from its stem, and dropped it over

the casement to her lover. "Max," she whispered. "I have nothing half so sweet to give you back in answer to your song, as this lily is. I have told it how much I loved you, and things that I haven't any words to tell with, and maybe it will tell em to you as your music has told me beautiful things to-night. I have learned it all by heart. Listen, Max!"

little song in a wordless way. She had caught it all. Not a note was missing.
"You like it, then, my Gretchen!" he cried,

and his fair face was aglow with pleasure. "You shall make some words for it, and we will sing it together. It shall be our songyours and mine, Gretchen, and no one else's. See, I wear your lily on my heart!"

Oh, sweet, sweet dream! Oh, happy, happy hearts! Dream on of happy things while you may, for dreams are unsubstantial things, and the happiest hearts will soonest wake to sorrow.

In her little low attic room Gretchen sat, sorrowful, lonesome, homesick thought for every stitch she set. She had many lonesome churchyard in the dear old fatherland, where her mother had been hidden from sight one old home which was hers no longer. It seemed almost like giving up a friend to let it go, but there was no help for it. When she look ed about this little room, in the hot, noisy tenement-house, her thoughts would go back to the old home, and she could smell the flowers in the little garden, and hear her mother's voice, and it filled her with unutterable long

she could never have again.
And then—then was the thought of Max. Where was he? Was he living or dead? Two years had gone away since she bade him goodby and he left his German home behind him o seek his fortune in the wide New World. Two years! and not a word from him in all

that time. He might be dead! new home he had talked of so hopefully was ing but drive the different parties that opposed

He must be dead. The air blew in, warm and stifling, across the window-sill, where one poor, starved little pansy tried to blossom. Oh, the mountains! The very thought of them was refreshing to her, in this oven of a room. If she could only get a breath of pure, sweet air again, she thought it would help her to do her work more cheerfully. She was getting tired out in this stagnant

place. But, after all, she longed nost for Max. She dropped her work at last, when it got so dark she could no longer see to set her stitches even, and leaned her head wearily on he window-sill, thinking. And before she ad been thinking long, she was crying.

Suddenly the tones of a violin came floating n on the dusty air. There was something in the sound that seemed like the remembered tones of a familiar voice. As she listened, she recognized a piece that Max used to play.

'I have never heard it since Max played " she said softly, to herself. "If it were only Max playing it now!' And then she forgot all about listening in thoughts of Max.

All at once she started up with a low cry, nd leaned out of the window in the dusk. The musician was playing the air Max had composed for her! She knew it before he had finished half a strain. There was nothing else in all the world like it. None had ever learned it but her. He had called it their song, and kept it for themselves. Her face was pale with eager emotion as she listened. The music seemed talking to her, and telling her of long-ing, and sorrow, and love that could never

When the music ended, she began to sing. She sung one little verse that she made to fit of passionate earnestness. She sung it with her soul upon her lips. The hot and dusty air seemed to stand still to listen to it. A man who was passing in the street below, stopped, pellbound, and the singer's song fixed itself in his heart by its pathetic sweetness, and haunt-ed him for days until he gave it to the world.

Another man leaned out of a window opposite and listened, with his face full of strong emotions. There was but one beside himself in all the world that knew the song he had made for his sweetheart. It must be her whom he was listening to. That was her voice! He should know it anywhere! At last he had found the one he had been looking for so long.

ers-by below. "Oh, my Gretchen, is it thou?" And a voice came back, full of wild glad-"Oh, Max, Max, we have found each other!"

Gretchen!" he cried, forgetful of the pass-

And thus they met, and their little song had brought them together. The man who heard it, listening from the street, wrote it down and sung it, and it is not | first time. Max and Gretchen's song now, but all the

Heroes of History.

Edward, the Black Prince, and the Bat-tle of Cressy.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ

As Bayard represents the last days of the Age of Chivalry, of which he was the end, so Edward, the Black Prince, represents its prime and heyday. The middle of the fourteenth century was the time when chivalry was most flourishing, when war was surrounded with a mance and splendor it has never since attained, and Edward the Third of England, his son, the Black Prince, and the French knight, Bertrand du Guesclin, are the three central figures in every history of the time. It may not prove without interest to us prosaic traders to hear of those splendid times.

Edward, the Black Prince, was so called besuse he always wore black armor with gold his time. In his days war had become a mere matter of single duels, in which the biggest lords and barons all fought on horseback, overed with armor, and lived in strong castles from whence they issued with their menat-arms to plunder each other's lands. The poor working people, who had no horses and hired the Genoese to do all that sort of thing, armor, were quite helpless to resist. The nobles made them work and pay for their masters' luxuries. All over Europe the white people were as low down as our slaves and the Russian serfs were, a few years ago. were bought and sold with the land, like cat-

The only people, not noble, who had any liberty, were the workmen in the towns of the Continent and the small farmers of England. The French, Dutch and German artisans protected them elves by fortifications. A knight on horseback was not much use in a narrow She leaned out of the window, and sung his street. Any old woman could throw down a big stone on his head from a top window, and kill him. As a consequence of this, the barons were forced to be civil to the townspeople. The different trades, butchers, bakers, smiths, carpenters, and so on, all had guilds or corporations-trades unions we call them nowand knew that their only chance of safety was to stick together. Moreover, they had money, and the kings and lords often wanted it. Consequently, the townspeople secured privileges, in return for loans, that the poor peasants never enjoyed. In England the case was different, for a very simple reason. The people of England, of all Europe, were the only ones that knew how to use the longbow. When the and stitched the laggard hours away, with a English barons tried on the same tricks as the French and Germans, the English peasant took to the woods, like Robin Hood, and defied things to think of. There was a grave in the churchyard in the dear old fatherland, where dians defeating Braddock. In the woods one summer day. That was a thing for sorrowful archer was worth two knights. The conse thoughts. Then there was the memory of the quence was, that kings and barons were more quence was, that kings and barons were more civil in England to the common people. kings early perceived that it was best to make friends with these archers. Edward III. was the first English king who saw their full value, and made the strength of his army to consist in archers, while the mail-clad barons were less

than a fifth of the whole. The result was soon seen, in the war with ing; such dreary, homesick longing for what she could never have again.

France. Edward landed with an army of some thirty thousand men, of whom twentyfive thousand were stout English archers. The French raised armies of a hundred thousand nights and men-at-arms, and imagined that they had nothing to do but to ride over the English. The proud barons were used to despise any one who fought on foot. They soon found their mistake. From the time Edward He had promised to send for her when the landed, till the battle of Cressy, he did nothher, and I know I shall marry you, sha'n't I?"

"Oh, Frank!" She whispered it shyly, blissfully, as she looked into his handsome face. "You ought not to love me and lose 'Laurelton." Indeed, indeed, I'm not worth to love me and lose to so hopefully was ready for her. When the old home was lost to her, she had nowhere to go, and she had followed her lover to the New World, hoping to find him there. But the New World, hoping to find him there. But the New World was "Caen Races," and the English took the town with hardly any loss. The old women did not try on any hot water and big stone business with the light archers. Every man carried an ax, and they used to smash open doors, and go through houses like lightning, if attacked from the windows. Moreover, they could put an arrow through any one who looked out, long

before he could hurt them. At last, this little English army, after doing as it pleased to the north of France, was met at Cressy by the French king, Philip VI., in the summer of 1346, over five hundred years ago. It was in this battle that the Black Prince, then a boy of only sixteen, won his spurs, and first distinguished himself. To explain the phrase, "won his spurs," it must be noted that, according to the rules of chivalry, no one but a knight could wear gold spurs which were the badge of knighthood. matter how high in rank, every noble had to become, first, a page, second a squire, before he could be made a knight, and then only for brave deeds in the field. Chivalry was in reality a sacred society, peculiar to itself. The poorest knight was the social equal of a king, the greatest king received added luste from being made a knight. Young Edward was not yet a knight, and longed to be one. Cressy was to make him one, and being in many respects a very remarkable battle, de-

serves a special notic The course of the English army on its march through France was that of a cavalry raid, such as was common during our late war. was in a semi-circle, as may be seen by looking at the map of France. Edward landed at Cherbourg, and marched toward Paris, taking in his way the towns of Caen and Argentau. Then, hearing that immense forces were coming against him, he turned easterly and march ed to Beauvais, thence north to Amiens, and her lover's tune. It was a simple thing, but so to the coast. He was too cautious to hazard she had put her heart into it, and it was full a battle, with his small force, in the center of France, and wanted to be near his ships, in case of a defeat. It shows how history re peats itself, that, seventy years later, his bold descendant, Henry V., took almost the same track, in a smaller circle, and was brought to bay within a few miles of the same place, at Agincourt. Cressy and Agincourt were also battles of almost exactly the same character, and both won by the English archers.

At Cressy, Edward was chased so hard by the immense French army that he determined to make a stand. If he must be driven into the sea, it should not be without a fight. He divided his little army into three "battles," One of these held the as they were called. right, under the Lord Marshal, the other, on ward's generals, Sir John Chandos. The king held the third, in reserve, on a hill in rear of the center, by a windmill. There he sat on horseback, grimly watching the fight, where his eldest boy was to meet the enemy for the

The French came hurrying up from Beauvais in great haste, to catch the English, who

were fleeing to their ships, as they thought. The first troops came on the field about one o'clock, and at once furiously attacked the English. These troops were knights and men-at-arms. The French king was still ten miles off, with his hundred thousand men strung along the road, for at least fifteen miles. The first batch of horsemen came galloping up, and were received by the English archers with such a flight of arrows, that they rolled in heaps on the ground. This reception surprised the haughty nobles who remained alive. They had not been at Caen. They imagined that their armor would protect them, and lo, the sturdy English archers sent arrows a yard long, through and through them! They broke and fled in confusion after one or two charges. Behind them, hurrying up on foot, was a column of fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen, fellows in heavy body armor, carrying big cross-bows. These cross-bows were se strong, that no man could bend them alone. They had to be wound up with a winch, and lines, instead of bright steel. He was the eldest son of Edward III. of England, who was the best, in fact, the only great general of shaft twice as far as an arrow, but the English archers could shoot six arrows in the same time that a Genoese shot one.

Behind the Genoese came thousands of haughty knights and barons. They had heard of the shooting of the common English churls, and did not propose to trust their noble blood to be spilt by such low fellows. They had and drove them along on the hot, dusty road, staggering under the long march, while the barons cursed them for lazy Italian swine. It took a long time for these Genoese to get up, and a curious thing happened during the val. The heavens grew dark, and a black shadow crept over the sun. An eclipse was taking place. At the same time a furious thunder storm came up and drenched the French to the skin, while only a few drops touched the edge of the English army. The result was that the Genoese halted and formed in the rain, and when they came to advance, all their bow-strings were wet and stretched,

so as to shoot weak. At last the storm cleared away, the bulk of the French army had arrived, and the Genoese advanced on the English. The English awaited them in silence. The Genoese came up slow ly, and halted close to the English. Then they gave a loud shout, went forward a few steps and halted. They gave a second shout, and ran a few more steps. Then the English began to shoot, the Genoese replied, and the French cavalry rushed in, and the battle became hot. Twenty minutes after, the Genoese, unable to endure those terrible flights of arrows, shot down while they were loading, gave

way and fled. Then came another strange scene. My lords and barons in the rear, seeing the Genoese fly, became enraged. "What! These false churls that we pay to fight other churls, get in our way and won't fight! Charge them, gentle-

And so they did charge their own men and killed them by scores, which satisfied my lords' spleen, but did not win the battle. Now came wave after wave of heavy men-at-arms against the little corps of the Black Prince, charging so fiercely, that some got among the archers. The arrows flew in white streaks and struck down man and horse, but as fast as one wave recoiled, a second took its place. The stock of arrows was giving way, and it seemed as if the French must annihilate this army by shee: weight. The other was hard pressed, but not so heavily as the Prince's wing. In this emorgency, Sir John Chandos dispatched a knight in great haste to King Edward at the mill, craving help, that the Prince was sore be-

"Is my son killed?" asked the king, quiet-

"No, sire,"

"Is he wounded or unhorsed ?"

"No, sire, he fights bravely, hand to hand."
"Go back," said Edward, grimly. "Tell
myson that while he is unwounded, I shall not in this battle. The knight returned with the message, and,

strange to say, the English were so much en couraged that they gave a loud shout, charged the French, and drove them off, while the archers leaped out with their axes and began to dispatch the fallen knights, who could not

rise for their heavy armor.

From that moment the battle was decided. Edward, who would send no men from the reserve, without absolute necessity, sent the Prince two wagon loads of arrows, and every successive charge of the French was repulsed with such slaughter that 30,000 dead bodies lay on the field, and the French army, completely demoralized, dispersed in their confu-

That night the King of France, with only ten knights, fled in despair to a neighboring convent. His whole army had vanished.

Then, the battle over and the field still, Edward the king, unbent from the grim silence of the general, who knew that his army depended on his judgment for safety. Coming to his son, he embraced and blessed the gallant boy, and knighted him on the field. Black Prince, who had slain the King of Bohemia, one of Philip's tributaries, adopted the fallen king's arms and motto for his own, and to this day the arms of the Prince of Wales remain the same, three ostrich plumes for a crest, with the motto "Ich dien," "I serve." From thenceforth he was the best of Edward's eaders, and, ten years later, won the battle of Poitiers from Pailip's successor, John, with 15,000 men against the French king's 70,000, taking him prisoner, and destroying his whole army. His treatment of his royal prisoner was marked by the most respectful courtesy. Entering London, John was mounted on a splendid war-horse, while the Prince rode a little pony. At table, the Prince always waited on his prisoner as a distinguished guest, and his whole conduct has descended to the present day as a model of knightly courtesy.

One fact about Cressy remains to be noticed. There is not a shadow of foundation for the ommon belief that cannon were used there. The only cotemporary account is that of Froissart, who obtained his information by questioning numerous lords and squires, who fought on both sides of Cressy.

He says no word about cannon. In 1415, eventy years later, an old MS. enumerating the stores in Edward's camp, speaks of "bows, arrows, arblasts, quarrels, and other artillery." This word "artillery" was frequently used be fore, for weapons of all sorts, especially mis-On a misunderstanding of this word, the left, was nominally commanded by the Boy Prince, but really by the best of all Edcepted it blindly till the present century, when the notion has been finally and complete futed by examination of the earliest authori-The only reason that it remains now, is that a notion, however erroneous, once published in book form, is accepted as gospel truth by that large majority who are too lazy to investigate, and take things for granted.

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